

A JOURNAL  
OF  
THE HARVARD MEDICAL SCHOOL UNIT  
TO  
THE AMERICAN AMBULANCE HOSPITAL  
IN PARIS

EUROPEAN WAR—SPRING OF 1915

ELLIOTT CARR CUTLER



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*Spring of 1915*

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BY

ELLIOTT CARR CUTLER

Boston left	-	-	-	-	March 17
Paris arrived	-	-	-	-	April 1
Paris left	-	-	-	-	July 1
Boston arrived	-	-	-	-	July 13

*“The Spirit of Adventure is the Spice of Life”*

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APRIL—MAY—JUNE—1915

HARVARD UNIT

AMERICAN AMBULANCE

NEUILLY-PARIS

PERSONNEL

*Surgical Staff*

Dr. HARVEY CUSHING  
Dr. R. B. GREENOUGH  
Dr. BETH VINCENT  
Dr. ROBERT OSGOOD  
Dr. WALTER BOOTHBY  
Dr. F. A. COLLER  
Dr. E. C. CUTLER  
Dr. P. D. WILSON  
Dr. L. G. BARTON, Jr.  
Dr. M. SMITH-PETERSEN

*Medical Staff*

Dr. RICHARD P. STRONG  
Dr. ORVILLE F. ROGERS, Jr.  
Dr. GEORGE BENET

*Nurses*

Miss EDITH I. COX  
Miss GERALDINE K. MARTIN  
Miss HELEN PARKS  
Miss MARION WILSON







## PREFACE

A year has passed since this unit began its work in Paris and still the conflict is in full swing. We are still asking the same question, how much longer can it last, and we are still deluged with literature on the daily battles, synopses of the war to date, forecasts of the eventual outcome and of the terms of final peace. Some of our news is honest, much is faked, and most of it is indifferent. And all that we hear and read in this country has the approval to some extent of allied censors, so that the German side of the issue is always difficult to obtain and realize. For myself I am convinced that the Germans cannot be as inhuman, bad and indifferent to the laws of humanity as most Americans are led to believe. But only the very distant future can bring us enough truth to prove this view, for the war must long have ceased before any idea of the real Teuton point of view can be realized and obtained in our country, if indeed, it ever can be.

The sending of this Journal to my friends is not that they may be burdened with any more literature which may throw light on the war, but merely that those of them who were interested in members of the unit may see just what sort of a life we led and what they themselves might experience should they seek a like opportunity. I think I can say for all of the members of the unit that the experience was one they will never forget. The opportunity for work was considerable, and indeed we were at times overwhelmed with it, but I cannot recall any friction even under the most trying circumstances. The personnel fitted together admirably. To many, travel in Europe was a new experience; we were delightfully situated near the Bois

de Boulogne; and the French in their hour of trial were a subject fit to stimulate the emulation of all, so that what might have seemed terribly hard work, passed off as an extremely interesting and delightful occupation.

To the heads of the unit, Drs. Cushing and Greenough, all the members are profoundly grateful for their stimulation, guidance and ability in directing our efforts, which without such guidance might have strayed afar. To them this Journal is dedicated.

From those who read the Journal I ask much indulgence, trusting that they will remember it is merely the result of daily entries as the time went by. Often written in the early hours of morning after a tiring day's labor, it cannot pretend to be more than a rough sketch of our experiences. I hope some will find pleasure in its frankness and be able to realize some of the trials, joys and experiences as they came to us.

ELLIOTT C. CUTLER.

BOSTON, MASS., April 1, 1916.

S. S. "CANOPIC", MARCH 18, 1915.

## INTRODUCTION

During the fall of 1914 and the early winter months immediately following, there were many departures from the United States of medical groups, units and single individuals to serve in the great European war. The Red Cross Society sent groups to help all the combatants, but by far the greater number of medical volunteers from the U. S. went to aid the Allies. The most important American establishment in Europe, supported and directed entirely by American subscription and filled with an American staff, was, and is, the American Ambulance Hospital in Paris, whose former course and present rearrangement and activities are best described in its own pamphlet as follows:—

"At the outbreak of the European war, Americans in Paris, inspired by the record of the American Ambulance of 1870, and foreseeing the needs of the enormous number of wounded, conceived the plan of establishing a military hospital for the treatment of the wounded, irrespective of nationality. Hon. Myron T. Herrick, the American Ambassador, lent his aid and encouragement and was largely instrumental in the successful achievement of this purpose.

"The American Hospital, incorporated under the laws of the United States, having been long established in Paris, it was decided to organise the American Ambulance Hospital under its auspices, thus assuring its legal corporate existence. The Board of Governors of the American Hospital, therefore, appointed a committee of five prominent residents of Paris, and to them confided the task of raising funds and of organising and administering the American Ambulance, giving to them the fullest powers to this end. Dr. C. Winchester Dubouchet was appointed surgeon-in-chief, and Dr. Joseph A. Blake, of New York, chairman of the Medical Board. With these men were

associated Dr. E. L. Gros, Dr. A. J. Magnin, Dr. Robert Turner, Dr. Koenig, and other prominent American surgeons and physicians resident in Paris, and the co-operation was obtained of three eminent French surgeons, Drs. Mignot, Chauvaux and Soulier. Later on the surgical and medical staff was greatly reinforced by volunteers from the United States.

"Special departments were organised with eminent American specialists in charge: a dental department under the direction of Drs. Hayes and Davenport, collaborating in the treatment of wounds affecting the teeth and jaw; a department to care for wounds of the throat, nose and ear; and a department for injuries to the sight.

"The French Government placed at the disposal of the American Ambulance Hospital a large and nearly finished school building, known as the Lycée Pasteur, in Neuilly, just outside the walls of Paris. By September 1st this building had been transformed into a modern hospital and was ready to receive patients. It was thoroughly equipped with X-ray apparatus, ultra-violet-ray sterilising plants, magnet for removing fragments of shell from wounds, a pathological laboratory, and, in fact, all of the latest appliances known to medical and surgical science.

"Beginning with 170 beds, the Hospital now has 440, and in addition more than 200 beds at Hospital B at Juilly. As an accompanying chart will show, the number of patients has varied, reaching its lowest ebb at a period when Paris was threatened. During December the Hospital was 86 per cent. filled, and during January, 88 per cent. It is doubtful whether any other hospital in Paris has shown during the present war such a large percentage of its capacity utilised.

"Very quickly the Hospital, which is operated under the direct authority of the French Minister of War, gained a reputation for splendid efficiency. The most difficult cases have been sent there, but the rate of mortality has been only 7.90 per cent.; a remarkable showing, above all when it is considered that nearly every patient who has entered the Hospital has suffered from infection, and that the prevalence of gangrene and tetanus has been far greater during this war than had been anticipated.

"The Hospital is organised in two divisions under the charge of Dr. Dubouchet and Dr. Blake, respectively, and a third division in charge of well-known surgeons from the United States, serving in rotation. Dr. George W. Crile, and a unit from the Lakeside Hospital, of Cleveland, Ohio, took charge on January 1st of this last-named division, and will be succeeded on April 1st by the Harvard University Medical School contingent, under Dr. Harvey Cushing, which will serve until July 1st, when a unit from the University of Pennsylvania Medical School will take charge for three months, to be followed by other units from other universities.

"In addition to the base hospital in Paris, the 'Ambulance Américaine' has organised an 'advanced' hospital known as Hospital B, established at Juilly, near Meaux, about thirty miles nearer than Paris to the battle-lines. Hospital B, which has a capacity of more than 200 beds, was instituted and is maintained through the generosity of Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, and has been, since its inception, under the charge of Dr. Walton Martin, of New York, who when he returns to America will be succeeded by other eminent New York surgeons, serving in rotation."

While all this was going on, many of the more venturesome in Boston, as elsewhere, began to look about for a chance to go over to Europe, for the opportunity for work and to help out. Indeed, some of this present party had actually acquired positions in foreign hospitals when the impulse was given which brought this unit into being.

Late in December the Dean of the Harvard Medical School received a letter from Dr. George Crile, of Cleveland, in which was enclosed a note from Dr. Joseph Blake, one of the chief surgeons in the American Hospital in Paris. Both letters urged that a unit of surgeons and assistants be sent to the American Hospital from the Harvard Medical School at a later date. It seems that some months earlier, when the American Hospital in Paris was being enlarged, Dr. Crile, because of his ability and his personal acquaintance with Mr. Herrick, then our Ambassador to France, was asked if he would take over and organise a service in the American Hospital of about 150 beds

on December 31, 1914. Dr. Crile promised to do so and shortly afterwards suggested to the authorities at the American Hospital that it would be a good plan if, following his service which he would fill for three months, the same service should be filled in rotation by the other medical schools of the United States, each school supplying a unit to run the service for periods of three months. The letter of Dr. Crile to the Dean proposed this scheme and asked, with the enclosed letter from Dr. Blake, if Harvard would not supply a unit.

The letter and matter were at once turned over to the Surgical Department by the Dean, who was himself greatly in favour of a Harvard Contingent taking up the proposed offer. The Surgical Department took the proposition to the President and Fellows of the University. The latter entirely approved the undertaking, provided sufficient sums could be raised. The Surgical Department almost immediately, through Judge Robert Grant, found a most willing supporter in Mr. William Lindsey, of Boston, who, though not an alumnus of Harvard himself, has a son recently graduated from the college. He offered \$10,000 to defray all expenses of travel and outfit.

The surgical department soon started to organise a unit, having definitely accepted the Paris service for the months of April, May and June. The interest in the undertaking was at once tremendous. It seemed that everyone either wanted to join or help in the preparations. Dr. Robert Greenough took over the entire management of assembling and constructing the unit, assisted by the chief of the department, Dr. Cushing. Letters to and from Drs. Crile and Blake were frequent, and from these two persons we derived most of our information and much stimulation. Both wrote enthusiastically of the work and of Harvard's acceptance.

It was early decided to take most of our supplies, such as dressings, instruments, etc., from the United States. The Surgical Dressings Committee of the Civic Federation under the guidance of Mrs. F. S. Mead, working in the Infants Hospital, offered to cut up our gauze supplies, thread, needles, etc., and pack them. We at once accepted their offer. Some 40,000 yards of gauze were sent them, which they cut up and packed

as handkerchiefs, rollers, pads, etc., putting the goods first into tin cans and then boxing numbers of these cans. Everything thus prepared was sterilised either at the Infants' or Peter Bent Brigham Hospitals. The total of such supplies was divided into five parts, one-fifth going to France a week before we sailed and one-fifth to go each week thereafter for four weeks. With these went some gauze, plain and crinoline, and cotton, which was not cut up.

Instruments were assembled by different members of the unit, but principally by Dr. Greenough for general surgery and by Dr. Cutler for Dr. Cushing's work. The Massachusetts General Hospital, Infants' Hospital, and the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital were of great help in assembling supplies. Even such small articles as bone-wax, threaded needles, steel safety pins, etc., were taken, it being hoped that the service could start work at once with so much done beforehand in the way of preparation. This seemed especially desirable with Dr. Cushing's materials, as he might only remain for one-half the allotted time, so that everything he could want in this time has been taken. In fact, it was attempted to make the operating-room conditions in Paris as favourable to our surgeons as their home conditions were. In addition to special instruments and supplies trained assistants accompanied the chiefs.

The personnel was a rather difficult matter, as a great many more desired to go than could possibly be taken. It was tentatively decided to have two more or less interdependent services, a neurological and a general surgical, Dr. Cushing and Dr. Greenough to head the work so divided, Dr. Cushing being Chief of Staff. A separate staff of a resident and two assistants were attached to each division. Dr. Beth Vincent comes as an assistant surgeon on the general surgical division. Dr. Boothby comes to direct anaesthetics, and is to stay only as long as Dr. Cushing does. Dr. Strong volunteered to come to take charge of the laboratory and to help out on medical questions, but now has been called to Servia to study "typhus" by the Red Cross Society. To aid in making apparatus and because of the great frequency of bone injuries, an orthopoedist (Dr. Osgood) was added. The four nurses were the most able ones

obtainable. It all sounds rather simple, but choices were made only after considerable discussion and much difficulty in the way of elimination of volunteers, which made it very hard work for the "chiefs". And lastly it may be added, for those who attempt such expeditions, that the qualities which go to make men congenial, as well as their ability in medicine, were thoroughly considered in each case though naturally not made the determining factors.

## DAILY ENTRIES

MARCH 18TH. S. S. "*Canopic*", AT SEA.

The day of departure at last arrived—March 17th. We had decided to take the southern trip, partly for reasons of safety, and had chosen the White Star S. S. "*Canopic*". Yesterday, at or about 4 p. m. of a rather raw and chilly day, the seventeen members of the unit, loaded with their luggage all in the form of hand baggage, boarded the good ship "*Canopic*" at the Commonwealth Pier, So. Boston, accompanied by a most generous number of friends. We were, however, doomed to our first disappointment, for the sailing was put off until 8:30 p. m. As a result, most of us disembarked for one more good meal and later another, but, through our earlier experience, less harrowing, farewell. So we at last got off during the evening of March 17th and drew out of Boston, bound for Gibraltar via the Azores.

MARCH 22ND.

Never were travellers more comfortable! We all have large cabins which Dr. Greenough has arranged most admirably. The four nurses were divided so that two share cabins. There are fifty first class passengers, which, we are told, is the largest list for some weeks. Our party, besides the seventeen active members, includes Mrs. Osgood, Miss Helen Homans, Mrs. Charles Sturgis, Mrs. Caroline Hill, and Mr. Eby, Dr. Strong's secretary. Never was there a more congenial party! Everyone has deluged us with steamer presents of fruit, flowers, candy, books, etc., so that we fairly exude luxury and comfort.

The boat seems clean, the food is fair and with such a small party the deck space enormous. Until to-day the weather has been fine, and after 36 hours from land almost warm, so that except in the wind, wraps are unnecessary. The sea, however,

has been fairly rough, culminating to-day in a small gale with rain, thunder and lightning and a high sea. The boat seems remarkably steady, considering the weather, though she ships waves on to the main deck with some irregularity. Miss Martin and Mrs. Hill have unfortunately but little appetite for such movement, and have wisely taken to their cabins, the first after a rather heroic effort to stand the strain.

The most striking characteristic of the unit up to date is unquestionably the ardour, courage and tenacity of its attack on the French language. All day long studious figures bent with anxious and knitted brows over a grammar, list of idioms or one of the hundred different systems of learning French that accompany us, can be seen draped about the deck or in the reading-room. Different members of the unit show no bashfulness in flying into conversation even with the most polished of our French fellow passengers—and such accents! An entirely new language is slowly arising from the *mélange*, the true nature of which Paris will have to settle. Fortunately Miss Homans and Mrs. Sturgis are competent scholars, and are kind enough to settle disputes when we believe them.

Other than studying French the unit has devoted itself more generally to walking, or reading the latest novels, though a few seem really trying to work, especially Dr. Strong, whose method of living without eating luncheon has caused most of us much worry and concern. Benet and Barton have entertained each evening at the piano, and our signing of hymns Sunday has doubtless gone down in the ship's records.

Dr. Osgood has given us a demonstration of his folding tubing table and of splints that can be constructed from tubing. Of the latter he carries immense quantities, which I am afraid will trouble us in crossing the Pyrenees quite as much as Hannibal's elephants did him some years previously!

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It is only fitting to add here that the greatest credit is due to Dr. Greenough for the admirable way in which he assembled, prepared and equipped the unit, for the comfort with which he

now surrounds us and for the great forethought with which he has foreseen all difficulties and avoided them.

MARCH 26TH.

With a sixty-mile gale shaking us about those who prayed for a storm may now rest satisfied!

On the 23rd we sighted the first of the Azores and slowed to half speed in order not to arrive at Ponta Delgada during the night. The next morning most of the party got up at 6 A. M. For about an hour the weather was fair without much wind and the sea only moderately high. Gradually the wind increased, clouds set in with rain, thunder and lightning, and by the middle of the afternoon we were in the grip of a sixty-mile gale and poking our nose into enormous seas that occasionally broke spray over the bridge. The news from the bridge was that we would have to stay in that vicinity until we could land the 150 passengers booked for the Islands!

Miss Martin and Mrs. Hill remained confined to their cabins, and by 8 P. M. the greater part of the unit showed signs of an underlying distress. The movement was wild, to say the least, and the frightful roll during the morning hours, when we lay drifting in the trough of the sea, had shaken the courage of many of the unit to the snapping point. Pallid countenances were everywhere seen and gave the lie to the brave and careless words that were cast about so lightly.

In the evening the ship put out to sea and we spent a pretty uncomfortable night about fifteen miles off the westerly point of Sao Miguel with just headway enough to poke our nose to the storm.

What a beautiful surprise, however, the morning of the 25th brought us! We awoke with the ship on a very steady keel skirting the northerly and sheltered coast of the island. We hurriedly got on deck to find we were heading for a very sheltered little cove where we were to land our passengers. At last we dropped anchor within about half or three-quarters of a mile of land. Various native craft put out from shore and surrounded us, manned by as degenerate a looking crowd of

devils as one could imagine. Two of the ship's boats were lowered. Only those passengers booked for the Islands were allowed to go ashore, to our intense disappointment.

The land looked fascinating—everything was so green, and the country everywhere divided up into such neat little fields. Mountain ridges gave a most irregular skyline, in places capped with clouds. The sun was bright and the day warm despite a stiff off-shore breeze. An occasional cloud drifting across the sun's rays left its pattern on both land and sea. The shores rose abruptly, often with really precipitous cliffs, over which fell at frequent intervals beautiful small waterfalls, usually plunging directly into the sea below. It was difficult to tell much about the vegetation save that it was very green and most inviting to those confined to the ship. But evergreens, I thought they were pines, were seen, also stunted willows, sycamores and deciduous trees the nature of which glasses wouldn't tell us.

The passengers landed in four to six boat loads, we up-anchored and headed eastwards, skirting the island for a very beautiful twenty miles or so.

Everyone was on deck, the invalids apparently not only recovered but cured for good. That evening our famous band, composed chiefly of Messrs. Barton, Benet, Osgood and Coller, regaled us and we ended with a dance.

It was a good night to sleep, and to-day leaves us nothing to ask for—cloudless, a moderate sea, warm and with but little wind. Again the unit must be congratulated on its most commendable industry in studying French for there are almost no intermissions, and the progress being made is striking. M. and Mme. Glorieux, a French couple who have rather attached themselves to our unit (possibly because of our remarkable rendering of the *Marseillaise*) have been, with Miss Homans and Mrs. Sturgis, indefatigable correctors and tutors.

Of outside news we hear little, though it is rumoured Italy has gone in with the Allies. Of course we are neutral and can say nothing!

MARCH 28TH—GIBRALTAR—AT SEA.

Nine-twenty A. M. and we are four to five miles off the Rock in a fine but steady rain. The Rock itself is dimly seen, its top surrounded in clouds and the scrambling in preparation to landing is well under way.

Ever since we left the Azores everyone has taken on a new lease of life, and without letting down on its studies the unit as a whole has enjoyed itself increasingly. There have been no invalids. We find ourselves making very good friends of the officers of the ship, and an impromptu dance on deck each night has brought the members of the unit closer than ever together. We have come to be so attached to one another that to have Dr. Strong leave us for Servia will be very hard. Altogether it has been a very pleasant trip and has gone quickly. Most of the unit have profited greatly by the rest, and all seem very fit and keen to get to work.

SAME DAY—11 P. M.—ALGECIRAS—HOTEL REINA CHRISTINA.

The “Canopic” was stopped once in the Straits by a torpedo boat, to the great edification and interest of those of us who happened to be on deck. After finding our nationality, the name of the ship and that we were bound for Gibraltar we were ordered to proceed. We went almost by the Rock itself, then swung in cautiously and slowly, parallel to the Admiralty Pier. After being boarded by the various port\* and admiralty officers, we headed well into the harbour and were all taken to the Gibraltar landing-stage in a small launch while our credentials were passed on.

Despite the steady drizzle, now and then developing into a heavy pour, the unit took to cabriolets and saw the town as far as they were allowed. It was necessary first, however, to show our passports and obtain permission from the chief of the governing department. The unit then lunched in the various hotels of Gibraltar; after which it took the 2:20 boat to Algeciras, where Dr. Greenough’s letters from the Spanish Ambassador at Washington let us through the Customs without exami-

nation. This was a tremendous relief to those members of the unit carrying large quantities of cigarettes!

We arrived at this hotel about 4 P. M., and after being assigned our various rooms broke up into small parties for observation of the town and surrounding country. Some drove, others walked. The sun soon broke through the clouds and the rain ceased. We reassembled for a 5:30 P. M. tea. Everyone was full of enthusiasm of what they had seen; we were disappointed the rain had postponed the Bull Fight, but we visited the Bull Ring, saw the bulls and horses, saw camels, a monkey, hundreds of dogs and pigs of a diminutive variety, and glimpses into the town about which we shall never cease to talk. What squalor in the houses, great numbers of children, because of Sunday cleaner than usual and if possible more picturesque! Of course those of the unit never having visited Europe before were almost beside themselves with joy and pleasure at the new sights and curious people. And the change from shipboard did make things the greener and the very mud more pleasant treading.

This hotel seems perfectly charming. A rather low, rambling, stucco and brick affair, apparently quite recently built yet almost covered with beautiful vines, many in flower, and set in a wonderful old garden on a high elevation overlooking the bay and the Rock. What a splendid thing such a garden is; roses, geraniums, heliotrope, bananas, iris and many other flowers in full bloom. Beautiful trees of a great number of varieties, fine vistas and delightful walks. Things do look so good!

We have had a very good dinner, some music, a glimpse of the lights at Gibraltar, and a good many letters written this evening. It is really rare that such spots are found, and the unit is perhaps more fortunate than it realises.

Dr. Cushing had a letter from Dr. Lower in charge of the Crile unit in Paris saying they would leave March 30, but that Dr. Blake's service would take over our cases until we arrived on April 1. To-morrow at 3 we leave for Madrid, where we fortunately are to have a whole day.

MARCH 30TH, 9:30 P. M. On train in Gare du Nord, Madrid, Spain; 10 minutes before leaving.

We left Algeciras and the really beautiful and luxurious Hotel Reina Christina at 3 P. M. yesterday. Unfortunately early in the morning it showered, and several promises to arise early and go for a walk thus secured a good excuse for their outright miscalculations on the superattractiveness of an early rising as opposed to a longer sleep. However, by 9 A. M. most of the unit were about and off on further explorations of the town and surrounding country. The garden held many in its grip, and everyone carried kodaks which were kept in constant use.

We lunched at 1 P. M., and by 2 left for the station, where confusion at once held sway. The larger articles were laid aside and registered through to Madrid after being weighed. 26 pieces were to be thus treated, but only 16 were fully stamped and paid for by the time we were to leave. However, everything seemed to get on, 48 smaller pieces going in the compartments with us. To add to the turmoil this train did not have enough seats in the first class compartments, and we were pretty crowded. Dr. Greenough having tipped everyone and his pockets run dry we pulled away.

The trip up to Ronda was very fine as soon as we reached the hills, and we constantly climbed upwards winding along the abrupt sides of a very deep and narrow gorge down which a very freshet of a torrent dashed its stony way. Tunnels were very frequent, but we had many beautiful glimpses of rocky but splendid valleys and hillsides. From the various lunch baskets and what we could pick up at station restaurants, several suppers were indulged in and we fared very well. It began to rain with the onset of darkness between Ronda and Bobadilla. Just before arriving at Bobadilla the door of the compartment in which the nurses were, swung open, and a package which contained Dr. Osgood's iron-tubing for splints disappeared into the darkness beside the track before it could be grabbed! At Bobadilla those not in the "wagon-lits" changed to other cars in a pouring rainfall; also we telegraphed back and tried to make

arrangements for recovering the lost package. After another rather uncomfortable two hours we reached Cordova, where those not already in sleeping cars obtained berths, and then after a final midnight supper we retired.

APRIL 1ST—PARIS—AMERICAN AMBULANCE.

We reached Madrid at 9 a. m. March 30 after a very decent night and in fairly good weather. At once on landing from the train we were thrown into practically complete confusion and it looked as if our lack of knowledge of Spanish would cause us much anxiety when our saviour, in the shape of a 4 ft. 2 in. wizened, bedraggled and insignificant but "English-speaking" interpreter appeared. After assembling all our luggage and tipping the station police, Dr. Greenough carried off the interpreter and left others of us to transport all baggage to the north station at the other end of the city.

We who were left with the luggage had a terrible struggle, as the station baggagemaster insisted on opening two boxes of chocolate some kind-hearted American had loaded on to Dr. Strong. We fought them off with French and English till a French interpreter came to our help. With his aid we were trying to get the American Embassy on the 'phone, when the Prefect of Police entered, and having been shown a few of Dr. Greenough's letters passed everything. Loading all the luggage we had into three carts, we finally got it safely stored in the "North Station" after three hours' hard work! Meanwhile, however, we must not lose sight of the fact that ten pieces of our registered baggage on which we did not have time to pay the dues at Algeciras did not arrive. Various parties of people in the unit scattered about the town, and the Prado and a few other places of interest were taken in before we assembled at the Ritz Hotel at 1 p. m. There we learned that it was necessary to obtain still another passport from the French Consul for which photographs were necessary. We all at once went and had our pictures taken, lunching afterwards at the Ritz. At four we reassembled at the French Consul's and signed our names to a formidable looking piece of paper on which our twenty-two photos were pasted. After tea and a

short supper we went to the station, the luggage getting off this time with more ease but still minus the ten pieces. Cook & Sons were put on the track of the latter and we are most hopeful of seeing them soon again, especially the nurses who lost all their uniforms. We turned in quite early.

After a pretty cold night we got up in small groups somewhere between 8 and 10 o'clock on March 31, while the train climbed through some beautiful mountains, on a number of which snow was seen. At 12:40 p. m. we arrived at Hendaye, the border, and thanks to our most recently prepared passport went through Customs with the greatest ease. We lunched in the station restaurant and the cooking at once showed an immediate improvement over that of Spain. The unit then broke up into several groups for observation of the town and nearby country. Some of us had the chance to visit a large orphan sanatorium filled with children from Paris, which was most interesting. A glimpse of the Bay of Biscay and a line of some twenty-five steamers on the horizon was quite stimulating.

At 5:5 p. m. we got off again with our forty-eight pieces of hand luggage. We were fortunate enough to get sleeping accommodations for all our ladies and three first-class compartments for the male portion of the unit. We all dined together on the train. Several interesting towns were passed through and the country looked very neat and pretty. A few groups of soldiers were seen, especially in the stations, and added some increased excitement for the unit. Between 9 and 11 the unit began a brave attempt to sleep. The members in the compartments at once got into difficulties, firstly, because they were not used to sleeping sitting up, and secondly, and what is more important, it was very cold despite our hired blankets. During the night several of the unit took a try at wandering up and down the corridor, usually with the comfort of a smoke and of being able to commiserate with each other in decrying the fortitude of those more fortunate, the thoroughness of whose rest was heard even to the ends of the corridor. As was mentioned, "they slept under forced draught". At Bordeaux and some later stops a few were about to see the soldiers—and what excitement there was!

By 4:30 A. M. some of us called off trying to sleep and sat up to take in the first light in the east, which was seen to end in a beautiful sunrise, cold even as it was. Frost covered the ground, and in one or two places snow was seen. By 5 A. M. Dr. Greenough was up and tea was cooked; this, with a bit of bread and cheese, cheered even the saddest members.

By 7:30 we entered Paris and debarked at the Quai d'Orsai where we at once repaired to some rooms for a real wash-up. Considerably refreshed by this we breakfasted together. Meanwhile the Hospital had been called up on the telephone and we were advised to betake ourselves with our luggage there at our earliest convenience.

#### APRIL 2ND—PARIS—AMERICAN AMBULANCE.

At 10:15 on April 1 we left the Hotel Quai d'Orsai in three large 'buses and arrived here about 11, being received by Dr. Blake, Dr. Dubouchet and the various members of the hospital with their staffs. We unloaded our luggage and began getting acquainted right away.

The building itself is of striking appearance, really beautifully constructed and proportioned, red brick with stone facings, steep French slate roofs and towers, not entirely finished as to the grounds and details, but well enough along to be very handsome.

The chiefs talked things over with the hospital authorities while the nurses and Drs. Collar, Cutler, Wilson and Petersen were taken with their luggage to their rooms. This done we reassembled at front and picked up as much news about the University service, (as the one we are to have is called), as we could. The chiefs with the two residents made a cursory visit and inspection of the service and then all went to lunch. The meals for all the staffs, doctors, nurses, orderlies and Ambulance men are held in one large room in the basement, tables being reserved for each group.

During the afternoon the above-mentioned four junior men made a visit with Drs. Newbauer, Taylor and Craig, who remained over from Dr. Crile's service, or were assistants of Dr. Blake, and then divided up our 18 wards into groups that

could be worked up for the visit the next day. The service consists of 18 wards of 9 beds each, and so is the largest service here. There was a good deal of work to be done and the men settled down to it with vigor. Meanwhile the instrument cases were taken to our operating room, which is in a nearby wing on the fourth floor, our service having the entire third floor of the main building for wards. The nurses got into uniforms mostly borrowed from Mrs. Sturgis, and at once started in unpacking and getting in order the instruments and whatever other supplies we had brought with us. It was a pretty strenuous afternoon despite the fact we had to go to tea. Dinner came at 6 and then there was a little more ward work. Later we four men living in were trying to judge up cases or catch up on letters and journals when notice came up that soldiers were being admitted. We went below. Three men came in one ambulance, two on stretches—one, a head case, conscious but a bit stupid and with no recollection as to time or place of injury or operation. The tag coming with him merely said "Cranectomie atypique".

It was not our turn to receive new cases, but Dr. Dubouchet turned up and was kind enough to give this patient over to Dr. Cushing's service. Thus a head case was the first new case the unit obtained. His dressing was changed and an 8-in. scar found in the region of the occiput sewed with wire and catgut and in one place drained with iodoform gauze.

To-day the men in the house were about fairly early and did a few dressings. By 9 A. M. the chiefs and the rest arrived and a complete visit was made of the services; the entire unit, including the nurses, attended. Following the visit Dr. Cushing discussed the division of labour with the younger men and suggested as follows:—

The three house officers, Petersen, Barton and Wilson to each take six wards; the two residents, Coller and Cutler to supervise nine wards each. This was quickly arranged.

Then luncheon, after which the unit assembled for a talk from Dr. Cushing and Dr. Greenough and in order to discuss first impressions. Dr. Cushing asked that Dr. Greenough take over the head of the service and that there be a rather military

deference toward all members of the unit according to rank. Our first impressions perhaps were a bit critical, but it cannot be said that the work ahead of us was of the most careful kind despite brilliant cases here and there. In places too much was touched, and again cases were neglected, such as leaving cases in plaster three weeks or more, etc. As a result there is much joint trouble and considerable ankylosis. Peripheral nerve lesions are very common; compound fractures common and seem to be the most difficult problem; only two spinal cord cases in sight and a considerable variety of frozen, sore and waterlogged feet.

We got further settled this afternoon and the nurses have done much toward preparing the operating room. Our own sterilised goods from Boston have not as yet turned up, nor have the clothes we left behind in Spain. So there has been much to do. All our dry goods must be prepared and sterilised. And here we find a steriliser that seems questionable and which we are told we cannot use for sterilising saline and other fluids. However, things will doubtless be worked out.

We have yet to get uniforms, operating gowns and suits and the 3 or 4 different permits necessary to prevent immediate arrest when going out.

To-night we have a few moments to ourselves. Dr. Cushing, Dr. Greenough and the members of the unit not resident in the Hospital live at Avenue Victor Hugo 163 bis, some ten minutes' walk beyond the Porte Maillot, in a former girls' school, where Mrs. Sturgis found accommodations for them. They are very comfortable, but at some distance from us. The nurses live in, also four men, the two residents and Drs. Wilson and Petersen. It is hoped Dr. Barton can move in later on.

Now that we are really beginning to get settled we can look back on the trip over with a careful eye. It was really beautifully arranged and we had an awfully good time, thanks to Dr. Greenough. Here we can only hope to be of some real use, and come up to the highest expectations of those who invited us. It is evident that the operating, at least for the present will not be excessive, and it is just as well so, since there is much in the way of preparation still to be done.

The weather is for us, cold, especially as we all prepared for warm weather. But it has been clear and sunny with almost no clouds for the first two days. The people as a whole are exceptionally kind and helpful, the ward nurses fair, the auxiliaries anxious but questionable, the soldiers as a whole of a very fine type. We shall doubtless learn much!

APRIL 4TH—PARIS—AMERICAN AMBULANCE—EASTER.

Things are at last settling down. We cleared out forty of the old cases, have acquired some uniforms, have our present cases well in hand, and have the operating room far enough along to begin work there.

Dr. Barton has moved in, so that now five men live in. For the present a 9:15 daily visit is made on alternate halves of the service rotating each day. We attempt to do most of the dressings before this takes place.

To-day was our first receiving day, and so far we have had six cases,—two chest wounds, two broken jaws and two superficial wounds; nothing especially interesting.

We have really much to do before feeling fully settled, and until we have our “Permis de Séjour” from the police suppose it is a bit risky to roam about. Several interesting things have occurred, not the least of which was the appearance in our rooms last night at midnight of Dr. Strong with a “blessé”.

To-day being Easter a few of the unit got out for some air, and those who took in a full service at the Madeleine were a hundred times repaid. Beautiful music, an exquisite setting, and about 2,000 people, fully 80% of whom were in deep mourning. It was a great spectacle.

APRIL 7TH—PARIS.

Things are now really running pretty well. More patients have been discharged, we have heard from home and after a week we are really ready for work. The day we received we got a compound fracture of the humerus about 10 p. m. which was operated the same night, being our first operation. Dr. Greenough performed. To-day Dr. Vincent had a try for a

bit of shrapnel near a knee joint, and two chest tappings were done with a new Potain aspirator recently acquired from Gentile. So our operating room has at last started. The first case we received, the head case, is doing pretty well.

We learned to-day that some of our sterilised goods from Boston had arrived, which is encouraging, but somewhat counterbalanced by the fact that the bags lost in Spain are still unfound.

We receive patients every fourth day, and the residents alternate as receiving officers. Now that we are half empty and the operating room ready it is hoped we will have some work to do.

Two stenographers have at last been engaged, and the system should be working in a few days.

Everyone is very helpful, and we are beginning to feel at home. Dr. Osgood is of the greatest aid, since joint and contracture cases ready for apparatus are very, very numerous. Dr. Cushing finds the nerve injuries numerous and interesting. There are as many as 25 cases with distinct nerve lesions.

#### APRIL 10TH—PARIS.

The service is now running smoothly. We have one stenographer and another coming; the histories and notes are getting up to date and in order, and the operating room is ready for anything. To-day brought much joy to several of the unit, as the luggage lost in Spain has at last turned up. In addition to this the sterilised goods from Boston have arrived in part, making us feel much more secure and at home.

On our receiving day three days ago we got fourteen new cases, some only forty-eight hours old and most of them interesting though not requiring active operative interference at once. There were three head injuries, one where a bullet had evidently grazed the spinal cord low in the neck, and several bad bone injuries.

The organism which gave "colds" and sinus infections to several of the unit on the trip over continues with us. Dr. Osgood has shaken his trouble off after a day in bed, but

Boothby is between sheets to-day and at last the "chief" is being made miserable with the same affliction. Only a few hardy members remain as yet unscathed.

Dr. Osgood has devised a plan of history filing and card cataloguing which seems admirable and allows easy access to any special type or location of lesion. The histories are being kept in the wards in folders, which seems to be a much admired innovation by the other staffs.

Most of us have visited on all the other services and are really seeing an immense amount of material, practically all of which consist of septic wounds, though the results are surprisingly good.

At the last Friday meeting Drs. Blake, Dubouchet, Jablons and Weinberg spoke on "gas gangrene". It seemed that the consensus of opinion is that the term "gas gangrene" as such is misleading and erroneous. The gangrene occurs only when there is mechanical injury to the blood vessels, and though the presence of the Welsh Bacillus (and related organisms) by pressure tends to obstruct circulation, it alone is not sufficient to do this. Thus many wounds infected with the *B. perfringens* (as they call this group of organisms) show no sign of gangrene. The treatment varies, but all advise conservative surgical methods. Simple drainage generally suffices, but infiltration of the tissues with oxygen and administration of the Weinberg serum may be of some aid.

So we seem to progress and learn something new each day. Also we have had time to get a glimpse of Paris between times, and with it all we acquire a little more of the French language. The weather has been variable but usually fine; cool, at times crisp days, always with some hours of sunshine but usually alternating with rain and, more rarely, hail.

APRIL 12TH.

Work continues quite slack, and although to-day is our receiving day we have no new patients. The old cases are well in hand and everything seems much improved for the cleaning up.

Yesterday Dr. Cushing and Dr. Strong motored to Amiens, and got really close to the front and saw batteries in action. It must have been most exciting and interesting. To-day Dr. Strong came around to say good-bye and a photograph of the entire unit was taken. We shall miss the "Director" very much, but it seems certain he will be of the greatest use and aid in Servia. We all wished him much luck.

Dr. Carrell called to-day and most of the unit met him. He has a small hospital at Compiègne and beautifully equipped laboratories, partly Government and partly Rockefeller Foundation, support. He took Dr. Cushing off to lunch and the latter is to visit him at Compiègne to-morrow. Dr. Cushing has also visited the Lannec Hospital and the Hotel Dieu, where he found the services rather light, only about half the beds in use and not particularly well run. Dr. Hartmann offered him the opportunity of directing the service in both hospitals for a month or so, while he himself was convalescing from a septic finger. But the job seemed too pretentious.

Dr. Osgood is still indefatigable, and if any of our present patients are not in some kind of apparatus it is chiefly because we have not had the time to get around to them. Dr. Vincent did a transfusion on one of Dr. Blake's patients two days ago, which went beautifully and which is quite the talk of the hospital.

Now that things are more settled the unit gets out more often, and in various groups has taken in a good deal of Paris. On Sunday a considerable number, after having had tea and a drive in the Bois, got rather lost somewhere on the left bank of the Seine during the early evening. The six managed to squeeze into a dilapidated fiacre with one on the box. The restaurant sought for was found closed, and after some argument the "cocher", on learning we wanted to "vivre la vie parisienne", confided that he knew just the place. We ended up by being shown into a private dining-room on the second floor of a very questionable café on the place de la Bastille! We evacuated precipitately and without explanations.

APRIL 14TH.

Dr. Greenough did a disarticulation at the shoulder joint to-day of an old upper arm amputation. Boothby gave a gas oxygen anaesthesia and things went very well.

APRIL 15TH.

Dr. Cushing back again to-day after a day and a half in and about Compiègne. He has been to the front, seen firing, trenches, postes de secours, and base and 1st and 2nd line hospitals, etc. Dr. Carrell's hospital at Compiègne was beautifully equipped and has a fine laboratory where there are several well trained men at work, more especially Dakin. Dr. Carrell himself is chiefly working with wounds, their healing, infections, dressings, etc. He is using much constant suction and tube drainage and is trying to establish quicker healing by the formation of sterile abscesses, thus stimulating the production of W. B. C. and increasing the resistance of patients to infection. He also finds our ordinary antiseptic solutions are no longer anti-bactericidal when mixed with a little serum.

Dr. Cushing in his peregrinations saw a hole caused by the explosion of a shell so large that a man could stand and only show his head above the ground level. And all the fragments of the shell were found in the hole!

He also saw several small hospitals in beautiful private chateaux which, too, were apparently fairly efficient. The trenches themselves were most impressive, six to ten lines of them, all with wide galleries and rooms off them, runways forward to undermine the German lines, etc., etc.

APRIL 16TH.

Dr. Cushing operated this morning on a soldier with a paralyzed musculo-spiral nerve. The nerve was found undivided but caught in a dense scar from which it was freed. Things went very well. Dr. Boothby's Connell apparatus is at last working.

A telegram arrived yesterday saying that six "head cases" were being sent to the hospital for Dr. Cushing. We were

rather pleased, and when news came that we could meet the train Dr. Cushing and Dr. Cutler went to the Gare d'Orléans with the ambulances. They saw some people get out and leave the compartments, among them a few soldiers but all apparently in fair shape. No "grandes blessés" were seen. On looking up the ambulances the assistants were seen putting away the stretchers and ordering six healthy-looking soldiers into the cars. Apparently the men we had seen getting off the train were our cases. They all turned out to be dental and jaw cases, several dating back to last October. It was a considerable blow to our hopes for more cranial work, though to be sure they were wounded in the head.

This afternoon at the Friday meeting Dr. Jaugeas showed some very interesting X-ray plates and discussed the localisation of foreign bodies by plates and the fluoroscope. There was much interesting discussion, and the method used at Juilly was described by Dr. Blake. With this method a trocar is inserted by aid of the fluoroscope to the foreign body, the obturator is then withdrawn and a bit of wire put in through the hollow needle. The trocar is then withdrawn leaving the wire, along which one may follow down to the foreign body.

Yesterday three of the unit went to Meaux and spent the day walking and motoring over the district of the Battle of the Marne. They had an English "Tommy" from one of the wards, who had been through it all, with them, and they enjoyed everything greatly,—picked up no end of trophies, graves seen by the thousand, and all the signs of destructive action on every hand.

The weather continues beautiful, and all are in the very best of health. It is curious what appetites we have.

We have had a good many admissions since the last entry, and the wards are now pretty full. However, since many were superficial wounds or jaw cases, it gave us very little to do.

To-day two of us motored to Versailles, and it was a great trip. We walked to the Porte Maillot for a taxi. The driver of the vehicle we picked out informed us a "*sauf conduit*" from the Prefecture of Police was necessary but would take only a few minutes to obtain. We drove there at once and soon ob-

tained the papers, to the satisfaction of our driver and the amusement of us both. It was a perfect day, for the first few hours cloudless, and almost the warmest day yet though quite fresh and invigorating.

On our way out we dropped in at the "Invalides" and saw the captured German "Taube" and a good many German guns. The aeroplane was really striking in its resemblance to a large bird,—two great curved wings and a narrow body. We then visited the tomb of Napoleon which, as always, was most impressive and sombre. Great crowds of soldiers were everywhere and among them some very youthful groups, apparently boys 17-19 years of age and probably the class now in training for next year.

At last we got off. It was a quick run to St. Cloud where we went up and through the palace gardens from which beautiful views of Paris were seen. Here the trees seemed very far along and all nature seemed ahead of the game. It was spring for fair, and we did enjoy it.

Finally we came to Versailles, which seemed very full of people. We lunched well at the hotel Reservoir, where the dining-room was crowded with visitors. The women almost without exception smoked.

After dinner we at once went to the palace, where we deposited our now faithful taxi. The museums and rooms were closed but the gardens open; and indeed they were thronged with people. Plenty of men this time though 50% at least were soldiers; people walking, motoring, rowing, in launches, lunching in the woods, sleeping on the grass, playing ball and, though cheerful, there was not much of the joyous spontaneity and fun which so often characterises the French. There were lots of children and we saw less crêpe than usual. It was a great sight; the fine buildings, geometrical gardens, perfect hedges, splendid trees and fine lawns littered with people, and all on a rare spring day. We took a good many photos, and noticed we were not alone in that dissipation.

After a fine walk we went by the Grand Canal to the Petit Trianon, then further till we reached the English hospital. They have about 250 beds. In an enclosure near by were some 20

to 30 tents of all sizes and men in khaki walking about. Things looked very ship-shape and neat, and I must say the English soldiers we saw were of a far superior-appearing class than the common French soldier. The English soldiers look somewhat like their officers, but the discrepancy between a French soldier and officer is very great. And it apparently is not entirely in the clothing!

Well, it was all very interesting; the crowds, the gardens, the English, even a stray aeroplane helped until we finally tore ourselves back to our motor. The trip into Paris passed quickly and we felt it was a day very well spent.

APRIL 19TH.

Rather a busy day to-day, and we had our first really difficult operation. Dr. Cushing did a plastic operation on a 7th nerve paralysis case in which the nerve had been out of commission seven months. The operation lasted something over three hours but ended very successfully as it was possible to approximate the severed ends of the nerve. Things went pretty well, and a rather large audience seemed quite appreciative of what was a very difficult job.

Now that we have been here long enough to try out things we are much impressed how valuable it is for those coming to work here to bring over everything they want to use. We brought a great deal, but are sorry we didn't bring more instruments, gowns, operating suites, etc. Unfortunately Dr. Crile advised us not to bring over very much.

The wards are filling very rapidly, but unfortunately for us a great proportion of the cases are dental cases or jaw cases. We have 31 of this type on the service now. It seems a lot and at times annoys us since it slows up the service, but of course in trench fighting a great part of the wounded must suffer face wounds and they must be cared for somewhere. Then too there seems this additional embarrassment that the Government knows Dr. Cushing is here and has apparently sent word about that he is especially interested in head cases. It would seem as if jaw cases, etc., are included under this class, for certainly

recently the proportion of such cases admitted to us has greatly increased.

To-day a rather curious finding was made in one of the wards. A man was admitted about a week ago who had a small but deep granulating wound just posterior to the left mastoid. It had been curetted and a few bits of shell (?) he said had been dislodged. Now he appeared quite well, walked in and seemed O. K. In doing routine X-rays on head cases we found that somewhere in the substance of the cerebellum there resides a large shrapnel ball. It seemed quite extraordinary he should have no cranial symptoms. Closer observation revealed the fact that shaking his head, turning it quickly, etc., makes him feel quite dizzy and queer at times, and elicits a slight lateral nystagmus.

To-night we saw a most interesting sight. An aeroplane passed quite close to the Ambulance at about 10 P. M. with a very powerful searchlight playing from it, and every now and then dropping coloured sky-rockets or bombs, like our Fourth of July illuminations. It was really very pretty and quite exciting. To-night, too, some of us went to one of the large lower wards where the men sing almost every night. The whole affair was really impressive. It was about 9.15 and the light was low and shrouded in the middle of the room. A few had very good voices and sang alone, always to be joined in with by a very fine and full chorus. How the men would enjoy a Victor phonograph!

APRIL 22ND.

Things move on apace. Three weeks since we arrived!

Lately the wards have been overflowing with patients, and we have been hard at it getting cases discharged to keep the service as active as possible. Nothing very serious has turned up; chiefly a few minor extractions of easily accessible bullets, lots of shell fragment wounds and a few more plaster casts.

Things now run more smoothly and we get out more often. Another contingent of the unit has been to Meaux and returned laden with trophies. The photos of the first excursion are

developed and prove very interesting. It is really stimulating to dip into the real action in this way. To-day some of us went to "Les Invalides" where a great review and parade was held. I suppose some 20,000 troops. A really impressive sight; bayonets fixed, mostly infantry, with a few bands and some cavalry. The men were rather small but sturdy; well equipped and marched with great precision.

Last night the entire unit, except the nurses, attended a dinner of the Harvard Club of Paris. James Hazen Hyde presided and the speakers included M. Brieux, Mr. Sharpe (U. S. Ambassador), M. Poincaré (brother of the President), Boutrou, a great philosopher and friend of Henry James and Dr. Cushing. Most of the speaking was in French, and, though interesting, it was hardly a Harvard affair. Hyde was most pro-Ally in his speech, and this annoyed many in the audience and especially our Ambassador. However, the latter made a very good speech, quite neutral, yet friendly, and with a small rebuke to Hyde. Dr. Cushing spoke very well, and besides some amusing anecdotes to point his remarks he was able to rebuke gently the ambulance drivers here, the need for which rebuke I have spoken of before. These men seem to think they are conferring a great good and ought to be lauded and thanked, whereas they are absolutely undisciplined and live an easy and interesting life.

One very amusing episode occurred the other day. It seems, as I mentioned previously, that some one had informed the Government that Dr. Cushing was a great "head" doctor, and by this meant face wounds, etc. As a result we have had a disheartening influx of old face injuries, broken jaws, etc. But yesterday a person named Washington Lopp turned up to see Dr. Cushing. It seems he is the great dancing master and now is working as an ambulance driver here. He told us that he was the one who had taken it upon himself to get the so-called "head cases" for Dr. Cushing, by which he thought we meant cases needing plastic operations on the face. But he said he had now learned this was a mistake and that Dr. Cushing wanted wounds of the brain. Now Mr. Lopp had brought with him the wives of several of the Cabinet Ministers, to whom he introduced Dr. Cushing and explained what type of case we

wanted. It was all very interesting and quite a page in French politics. Here was a dancing master apparently arranging with the wife of a prominent government official what sort of cases the American Ambulance service should have! Well, we shall see.

Thus amusing incidents crop up, and even if we are not operating frequently we are certainly looking after our patients with a great deal of care; the records are being made as complete as we have time to make them and the individual members of the unit are receiving a most instructive bit of education.

The weather has been very fine, usually clear, cool, sunny days, and the trees are just bursting out. The leaves of almost all varieties have burst their buds and many of the horse chestnuts are in full leaf. Paris in the spring is very much worth while.

#### APRIL 23RD.

Three operations by Dr. Cushing took up the greater part of to-day. Then Mr. Benet gave a talk on "Gunnery and Ordnance." This talk was very interesting, and we learned that the German munitions are really beginning to deteriorate.

The first case operated was the removal of a shrapnel ball from the cerebellum. Prof. Tuffier was present. The ball and bits of bone, which had been driven in on the dura, were removed. The second case was a radical mastoid; and the third an antrum. Rather an assortment for the chief. To-morrow Dr. Greenough is plating a fractured femur and operating for radical cure of femoral hernia—sounds like a civil hospital operating list.

#### APRIL 26TH. SUNDAY.

Things come in bunches. Three days ago we got out some 25 cases; to-day we have only one empty bed. A good many of the new cases have rather superficial wounds, but most of them are very recent, many having still in place the bandage applied at the Poste de Secours the day before entering here. The greater portion come from the district about Ypres where English, Bel-

gian and French are apparently all mixed together. They brought back a very interesting story. It seems the Germans have a poisonous-gas method of asphyxiating the enemy. The wind was from the German side. Suddenly the Germans started burning in front of their trenches something which gave off a poisonous smoke. The French couldn't stand it. Some apparently were killed by it. They left their first few trenches and the Germans took these. Some of our cases were wounded in this attempt to escape the smoke, but most of them were hurt in a counter attack by which the French retook their lost ground. To what devilishly ingenious devices the human mind can travel!

But by far the worst wound I have seen was from another source. Ten days ago an officer, while looking at the enemy through his "glasses", was struck in the right hand and on the right binocular by a "balle de fusil". His hand was badly shattered, the tendons to the palmar surface of the second finger severed and bits of his apparatus driven in. But his face and eye were a horrible mess; a great, dirty, discharging, granulating wound covered the face external to, below and entering the orbit. The eye could not be found, shattered bone and bits of metal from the apparatus were everywhere; the malar, inferior maxilla, external and inferior orbital plates were badly messed up; the optic nerve was seen emerging from the foramen bathed in pus. It was a really terrible looking sight.

The operating room has been very busy to-day cleaning up several of the new cases and in fact of late has had its hands quite full. A femur operation by Dr. Greenough in which he plated a closed fracture after Dr. Osgood had obtained extension on his pet table worked very well two days ago. This and a femoral hernia operation, by Dr. Greenough too, gave us an opportunity to test out the technique of our force and the sterility of the supplies. So far all operative cases have done well.

Dr. Vincent has left us for a week to work at Mrs. Depew's small hospital near Compiègne. He should have a really interesting time. I believe, however, he did not show the enthusiasm others have when an opportunity to go to the "front" was thus offered!

It seems pretty definite now that this week is Dr. Cushing's last here, and so we hope he will find plenty to do. We will surely miss him no end when he leaves us—some more than others.

#### APRIL 26TH.

Now we are busy for fair! After a great struggle we discharged some 15 to 20 cases and at once to-day we are filled again to the limit. The operating room continues very busy, with four cases up for to-morrow and more plaster casts to come. Apparently the fighting about Ypres is very heavy, and most of our men come straight from the Postes de Secours with no change since their first dressings. Bullet wounds have recently been more common and several hands, arms and legs show perforating wounds, often with shattered bones.

It is hard here to realise quite what is going on, as firstly one is too busy and secondly information is truly very scanty about the actual battles. Only it all seems very brutal, purposeless and just where does it lead to?

#### APRIL 27TH.

For some of us quite the hardest day of work in some time. Personally I was up at 6:15 to shave a head, and then was hard at it in the operating room from 8:30 A. M. to 6:30 P. M., with a ten minutes' interval for luncheon. Dr. Cushing did a laminectomy which ended by a complete section of the spinal cord in order to relieve pain. The case was an old gunshot wound through the spine, and the poor devil had been in agony almost six months and paralysed from his waist down. Later the "Chief" removed a bit of shell casing from a brain abscess, using the magnet. It worked beautifully.

Dr. Greenough has gone to Compiègne to see Dr. Vincent. Dr. Albert Kocher visited the clinic to-day, an old friend of Dr. Cushing's. Things are really going on very well, and we have good news from home. It is often quite interesting to watch some of the unit receive their mail, and reveals much of human nature. Some rush to open it, others, recognising

familiar handwriting, merely smile and put it away for a quiet moment!

There seems no question but what the activities at the front are greatly increasing, and we are under constant pressure to keep discharging all convalescents possible. Already there are over 500 patients here. It seems as if actions of great moment were soon to occur. May they bring a rapid end to all this barbarity!

#### APRIL 28TH.

Certainly now we must confess we have plenty to do. As fast as we discharge patients we get new ones, and we are always under pressure to get the old ones out. The operating room has been very busy and the fact that other services like to make use of Dr. Boothby and his apparatus is very gratifying even if an added burden.

Dr. Cushing made a long visit to-day and then operated, and the afternoon was filled with minor operations.

Indeed there is daily much to be discussed and presented, but the pressure of circumstances merely gives time for a few facts usually scribbled down in the most disconnected way.

Dined to-night with Dr. Cushing at Dr. Magnin's, where one of the English medical men, a Dr. Jarvis, also turned up. He told us much of interest; that Calais was given to England only with the condition she send over between 40,000 and 50,000 troops a week, and that in the last week five submarines had been caught in nets in the Channel. It made one feel all our news is so superficial and unreliable.

#### APRIL 30TH.

Overwork is a word being brought into use again. As fast as we can get convalescents out new cases turn in. The fighting in the northeast has been awfully severe, though we hear but little news of it.

The operating room has been going all day and once at night, so that our nurses have their hands more than full. Dr. Greenough has returned from Compiegne where he had a most inter-

esting visit. Dr. Cushing has been operating pretty steadily and that has kept most of the force extremely busy, as some readers will be better able to appreciate than others. He seems to have had a very worth-while stay and his two interesting extractions of shell fragments from the brain by use of the magnet have been quite exceptional. Two bad head smashes operated to-day look better to-night.

Last night I went to "Chapelle" with the ambulances. 2,000 wounded were scheduled to arrive during the night. I saw a train of about 800 to 1,000 come in. The whole thing is very well done. The ambulatory cases are grouped in a big room and the stretcher cases in smaller cabins. Here they are fed, ticketted and distributed. Although really it was not allowed, I moved about freely and picked out three seriously wounded head cases. Washington Lopp put the deal through, and I brought them back to our service. Two were operated to-day and one will be to-morrow. It was quite a haul, though I am afraid a blow to Dr. Cushing's plans to rest up a bit before leaving. Enthusiasm is not always the best master.

And now we are full up, and so is the hospital; 560 beds to-day, which is more than ever before, and yet, as Kitchener says, the war is only beginning!

The stories that the different soldiers tell of the kind of gas used by the Germans in their last attacks are most conflicting, but apparently they burnt this substance in front of their trenches and it blew to the French side. The gas was heavy and hung low, so when the men got up to run out they were an easy shot. The fumes smelt more or less of sulphur, were yellowish-brown, and we are told by Dr. Du Bouchet that it was Tribromonitrobenzol. Anyhow it was very efficient, though it is difficult to determine just whether it actually killed men or not. Some recently admitted English soldiers say they saw fatal cases from it.

To-day it is rumoured the Germans are shelling Dunkerque. Well, what of it? After sleeping from 4:30 A. M. to 6:30 A. M. last night I must turn in.

MAY 1ST.

May Day, and a real one too;—warm, cloudless fully half the day, the trees by now well in foliage and spring everywhere; in the air, the trees, the ground and in people's faces! After all, what a great thing the seasons are.

To-day was Dr. Cushing's last day at work, and he did a craniotomy for fracture (simple fissures) with haemorrhage in the speech centre. Things went pretty well, the man was given a fair decompression and has made a good recovery. The afternoon was taken up in assembling data, histories, etc., for Dr. Cushing to take away and further in rounds which the Chief made with Dr. de Martel. It is interesting how delighted everyone is with our crinoline bandages and Dr. Cushing's invisible scars. Dr. de Martel was much interested in our cases and most of the head dressings were taken down for his inspection. He was himself badly wounded during the battle of the Marne and received the "medaille militaire". During his treatment much iodine was used in the wound and now, from personal experience, he curses the discovery of the drug, which corresponds quite with the view Dr. Cushing has always held of it.

It was a very busy day and one got little time to appreciate nature, but as things went pretty well there is some satisfaction. The chief finally said good-bye to most everyone and left before supper.

To-morrow six of us go to Meaux to look over the district of the battle of the Marne.

It has been a week of very hard work but for that very fact just so much more profitable and worth while than the preceding ones. To be always pushed to one's limit and at times beyond it is doubtless hard, trying to one's nerves and perhaps ageing, but if one can get away with things, the immediate satisfaction and later profit are not to be measured in words or writing. Idleness and ease surely never bring real satisfaction, for it is action, results and accomplishment alone that can satisfy ambition.

MAY 2ND.

It was Dr. Cushing's last day, and he was good enough to take four of us and Dr. Craig off to the battlefield of the Marne for an all-day trip.

We left Paris on a 7:55 train after a very hectic get-away from the hospital due to "blessés" arriving just as we were leaving, head cases at that, and a more hurried dash to the station itself, where, due to a sick taxi, we arrived 20 seconds before train time to find Dr. Cushing already with the tickets. We did get that train, even if a bit blown!

The day which, early in the morning, had been clouded, turned out very clear and hot. We reached Meaux in about 30 minutes and boarded two 2-horse landaulets reserved the day before by 'phone. It seemed impossible to get motors.

A bit of a glimpse of the town with its fine old church battered by the bombardment and we drew off into the country. Soon we crept up on to an elevation, and the battlefield began to straighten itself out. We were shown how the forces had lined up, where the artillery was placed and saw end results. It was all awfully interesting and it was hard to keep moving on. Most of us had cameras and they were generously used.

The English went into and by Meaux pretty fast, but beyond it got their artillery well placed, and it was only a few of the enemy's Uhlans who actually entered the town. Signs of fighting were everywhere seen; trees blown off, others with holes in them, some splashed by bullets, graves frequently seen, and even monuments so soon. But the harvest seemed well along and very full. Men, probably above fighting age, and women, with now and then groups of soldiers, seemed to be working at the crops.

It became very warm as our burn later attested, and coats were generously unbuttoned. How beautiful the trees were; green, the green of spring, and with the small early leaves almost feathery, which made them delicate and picturesque.

As we passed through Varredes the partly rebuilt houses were seen, some with shells sticking right into them still. Further on we passed through Etrépilly, where again destroyed

houses gave evidence of a few stray shells. Then in the country beyond were many new lines of trenches, some with little houses opening from them, all zig-zags, deep and very narrow.

At last we turned to our left and circled back towards Barcy, crossing the German line of trenches where the one army corps which Von Kluck had left behind was caught by superior French corps and obliged to retreat. Graves were frequent, and we picked up the remains of a few exploded German shells. Further on we saw a beautiful wooded spot and lunched there on the bank of a fine long, beslimed frog-pond, above which rose great poplars, covered with ivy. We lunched well, but soon pushed on to Barcy.

Barcy was full of interest, and even a temporary shower could not dampen our curiosity. The church here was badly demolished, it having been selected as a probable signal or observation tower. The Germans had spent four days here and many stories were told us of how the inhabitants left and emptied the wine-casks, etc., before leaving. A few of the unit bought curiosities and we moved on again.

From Barcy to Chambery the fields were just covered with graves;—hundreds, I suppose thousands, of them, and for the first time the stupendous nature of the engagement was apparent. Really, it was depressing. Thousands gone over this one little area, and all for nothing, or rather for personal feelings and scraps of paper. How could anything justify such slaughter? Just outside Chambery was a little stone-walled graveyard which had been taken and retaken and where great numbers had fallen; holes had been punched in the walls to permit firing through.

At last we moved on and into Meaux, which we again looked over to take in the demolished bridges.

The train left for Paris at 4:45, and the trip in allowed some of the more tired ones a quiet snooze which most of us were sadly in need of after a most strenuous week.

The day at the hospital was equally exciting and interesting. Three badly wounded head cases turned up, one of which had been trephined but was quite septic. Dr. Greenough operated all three assisted by Dr. Osgood and Dr. Barton, as Dr. Coller

was receiving that day. It was interesting to learn of the different technique used, and their final result will give a chance somewhat to compare the relative values of the two methods.

That evening a small party was held at 163 bis Avenue Victor Hugo in honour of Dr. Cushing's departure.

On getting back from Meaux we learned that the motor Dr. Cushing had expected to leave in the next day would not be available. As the Chief had papers for a motor and none for the train, things looked serious, but Geo. Washington Lopp was summoned and managed finally to fix things up to our great relief. It looked as if someone had been meddling with the deal, as Dr. Cushing had been definitely promised a car and had, in fact, made a present to the Ambulance of the price of a car he would otherwise have hired. The truth is not yet out.

MAY 3RD.

Dr. Cushing got off by motor O. K., and Boothby by train with both his own and the Chief's luggage. Dr. Cushing is off to a hospital at Boulogne for a day or so, and then goes to England to stay with Dr. Osler.

We all miss him very much, and unquestionably shall miss him more later. It was a great satisfaction that the people here all came to appreciate him so much, and he had enough work in the last two weeks to satisfy the others as well as himself. All the cases he operated are making apparently good recoveries, and one is further impressed by the great value of gentleness, carefulness, slowness and haemostasis and all the hundred and one details about which the Chief is so insistent. Now he has gone one can only try to follow out his teaching. We miss him more than one can well express.

Dr. Coller at present is feeling pretty seedy with a frontal sinus infection, but the rest of the unit seem pretty lively.

The day was spent for a great part in straightening out histories, old notes, dressings, etc. A good many discharges were put through and one new bed added to each ward—making 180 beds on the service.

MAY 4TH.

Beautiful day; hot, springy, and a hard trial to stay indoors! Dr. Greenough tried for a bit of shell in a lung but failed, and Dr. Wilson removed a fragment from a shattered elbow. Dr. Osgood and Dr. Cutler visited l'Hôpital Salpêtrière, hoping to see Dr. Gosset operate. He, however, failed to turn up. We took in superficially the enormous establishment which, we were told, contains 5,000 beds. Of course most of the buildings are old, but they are well arranged and laid about beautiful grounds and quadrangles in which are really splendid trees and gardens. Wounded soldiers everywhere!

MAY 5TH.

No operating. Drs. Osgood and Rogers visited Juilly. The service was visited by Drs. Albert Kocher and Eberhardt of Berne and Dr. Chidester of San Francisco.

The statistician informed me to-day that during the month of April the Hospital averaged 14 admissions and 12 discharges daily, or a total of 420 admissions and 360 discharges. On one day there were 41 admissions and 37 discharges.

MAY 6TH.

Our receiving day, but so far—10 p. m.—only nine cases, eight of which are old jaw cases sent here for dental work and one varicose vein case!

Last night we had our first death—Davalon, ward 255. He had been shot in the left shoulder region. The shell fragment had passed down through his lung and at autopsy was resting on the diaphragm. There were over 3,000 c.c. of old blood in the left pleural cavity and a pneumothorax. We had diagnosed the condition correctly except that we suspected a pneumonia too.

Dr. Osgood and Dr. Rogers returned from their Juilly visit in fine form. It would seem, however, as if they do not get quite as serious or interesting a type of case there, probably because of their situation too far from the front for direct trans-

port and at a place where the through trains to the great centres do not stop.

There were two operations to-day and some more plaster-cast artistry by Dr. Osgood. The weather continues beautiful.

MAY 8TH.

Nothing of especial moment yesterday. Two small operations which went well. Ward work rather slack. Dr. Osgood spoke at the Friday afternoon conference giving a most admirable demonstration of orthopoedic apparatus both on and off patients. He covered the really great need of men capable in constructing apparatus at such a time, showing how great a percentage of cases have involvement of joint or bone and need apparatus either for fixation or to correct already obtained deformities. It was really striking how many different kinds of apparatus he has assembled, and there is no denying the fact that he is the busiest and most valuable member of the unit. The good we are capable of doing would be far less without his aid and advice.

To-day we had again two minor operations, besides which Drs. Wilson and Benet assisted Dr. Newbauer of Dr. Blake's service to do a transfusion and also tie off the external iliac artery on a patient who had had a haemorrhage first from his profunda femoris and later from his femoral artery proper.

The death last night of one of the head cases operated by Dr. Greenough last Sunday makes our second fatality. It certainly was unavoidable, as the patient had been operated elsewhere and arrived with a badly infected wound which entered the brain substance, resulting in abscess and meningitis.

I got off to-day to lunch with Dr. Kocher and then went to the Russian Hospital to see Dr. de Martel operate. The hospital, which is in the Carlton Hotel, is most excellently arranged, clean, up to date—X Ray, etc., beautiful rooms, palatial beds. Dr. de Martel operated upon a man who had been hit in the left posterior parietal region by a ball that just grooved the external table. Headache, we were told, was the only symptom. No tourniquet was used, but an overlapping run-

ning catgut suture was taken to catch the temporal vessels at the base of the flap. There was considerable bleeding. Bone flap, including depressed area, removed by use of small cutting burr pumped by a nurse who stood near by. Dura intact. Interesting to see the new technique and instruments. Great, crude, continuous catgut suture used to close with. The perforating and bone cutting instruments were, however, of his own making—very efficient and apparently safe.

It is sad to have to report that two members are a bit down and out; Dr. Coller with a frontal sinus and antrum infection has kept about the house for two days, while Barton has stayed in bed with an intestinal upset in addition to his bronchitis and influenzal infection. The rest of us do well enough. Dr. Vincent is still away.

The news this morning of the sinking of the *Lusitania* has created no end of excitement, and anti-German feelings are running very high. It does seem the most undiplomatic of actions, for the bad feeling in the United States will now be tremendous. I am afraid the Government at home will be badly harrassed. And despite it all, at the supper table to-night I heard one of the American doctors say: "I am so sorry the *Lusitania* sank—I am sure there were several letters for me in her mail bags." *C'est la vie!!*

MAY 9TH.

A perfect spring May day!—warm, clear, stimulating, restless. The two invalids, Coller and Barton, went to 163 bis Avenue Victor Hugo for the day, as they were feeling very mean. Dr. Osgood broke the quiet and rest of the Sabbath by two plaster casts, otherwise there was little to do and many of the unit got out for some hours in the sun. The Bois was exquisite; trees all out, flowers, thousands of people, warm, sunny. It was a real spring day and quite worth living for.

Had a letter from Dr. Cushing this morning, who apparently had some most interesting days at Boulogne and in the near-by district before reaching England. His letter was dated just after the news of the *Lusitania*'s loss and he writes: "that

settles the thing for me." Here people are furious with the Germans, and at home it must be worse.

#### MAY 10TH.

One operation. Coller still sick but ably replaced by the reappearance in our midst of Dr. Vincent, who had a most interesting stay near and at Compiègne. He had the opportunity to demonstrate his transfusion technique in Dr. Carrell's hospital, where it was greatly appreciated.

Again our receiving day and no new patients. Things really are beginning to look rather slack and there must be a lull in the fighting. Is it the rest before Kitchener's promised "beginning"?

Everyone is greatly shocked over the more thorough news of the sinking of the *Lusitania*. Apparently about 1,300 people were drowned, and some of us had friends. It was really an awful act, and I cannot conceive of a more undiplomatic move. But then the Germans don't recognise diplomacy in any form; they are always too pig-headed!

Again a perfect May day. Paris in the spring is certainly wonderful and possibly it would be better and safer for all the unit if plenty of work turned up to keep them busy in the hospital!!

#### MAY 12TH.

Things very slack now. We got in three officers the night of our last receiving day but they were not badly wounded. They came from about Arras and were shot about 28 hours before reaching us. They claimed the French had driven back the Germans 3 kilomètres and captured 2,000 men.

We continue to discharge patients and can take in about 30 now. Wards pretty well cleaned up, though there are still several very sick patients.

Yesterday in the morning a German aeroplane dropped bombs at St. Denis, just outside Paris, without doing much damage, and last night they had everyone excited about a Zeppelin raid,—candles even were not allowed.

No operating to-day.

Beautiful, warm, cloudless spring days continue, and the various members manage to get out for a walk or tea or supper pretty regularly. \* The Bois is almost irresistible at this time of year.

#### MAY 15TH.

Last entry May 12th. Well, May 13th was a great day. During the night of the 12th to 13th we had eight admissions, four of them officers. We at once got all our officers in one ward and transferred the soldiers elsewhere. All were from the fighting about Arras. Three of the officers were rather badly hit, two arms and a leg, but no broken bones. They went to the operating room and were cleaned up by Dr. Vincent, as Dr. Greenough was busy elsewhere during the day. Things went pretty well, but not quite all the dressings were done by supper time.

After supper on this day (the 13th) the hospital began to fill rapidly with wounded. All came from around Arras. We were receiving the next day and between 7 P. M. on the 13th and 2 P. M. on the 14th we took in 33 new cases. Many of them were badly wounded, 10 being had compound fractures.

Some of us were busy dressing and receiving new patients steadily from 7 P. M. on the 13th to 2 A. M. on the 14th. We began again at 6:15 A. M. on the 14th to get things ready for the day's work.

The 14th was a day of real work. Fifteen operations were scheduled and fourteen put through; the other case being used for a demonstration by Dr. Sutton of Juilly. Operating began at 9:30 A. M. and the last case was done by 4:30. Two teams worked most of the time and with Dr. Benet to assist with anaesthetics things went pretty smoothly considering the amount of work done. Dr. Osgood was indefatigable in getting the compound fractures at once into suitable apparatus, and two femurs went into complete plasters and arms and legs into casts and fixation apparatus. The operating room nurses were most efficient and the supplies held out to the end. By

keeping all our instruments boiled up on a sterile table with a sterile nurse to hand them out, we always had things at hand to work with. It was quite a demonstration of how well things can go when everyone tries his hardest.

As a surgical experience too, it was unique, at least for some of us. Fortunately it was a day when the X-ray department worked from 8:30 to 10, so that we got fluoroscope examinations on many of our cases, which helped considerably. A good deal of blood was spilt, and we cannot hope asepsis prevailed always, but in the light of findings it was very good judgment in almost every case to tackle them at once. In fact, one case which was left over until to-day would probably have been better off if it had been cleaned up the day before. Things seemed a bit rough, and at times too hurried, but there was a good deal of pressure behind and I think as a whole the work was creditable.

At 4:30 on the same day Dr. Sutton of Juilly spoke before us of his method of localisation of a foreign body by inserting a trocar to the fragment under the fluoroscope and then passing a wire through the lumen of the trocar to the foreign body, leaving it, withdrawing trocar, and cutting down along the wire to the foreign body. Unfortunately in the case we gave him he struck bone, in which the bullet however probably lay, so that we called off operating on that case.

Of course when the visiting staff got off and supper was over, work hurried on for the resident staff, for everyone had been in the operating room all day or at front receiving new patients and there were many dressings to do. However, finally things got straightened out and except for a rare call during the night to admit a "blessé" or see a sick case we got in a few good hours of well deserved sleep.

To-day, with two small operations, allowed us to get things pretty well straightened out, and by an effort 24 cases were listed for discharge. We feel that under such pressure cases may well be discharged to convalescent homes less completely healed than usual. The cases operated yesterday seem in exceptionally good and comfortable condition, partly due to the rapidity and thoroughness of the operating and partly to

the many excellent types of apparatus in which Dr. Osgood placed them. The wards this morning, after the pus, blood and hurry of yesterday, looked most satisfactory.

The fighting about Arras must be very fierce, for the wounded are still pouring into Paris.

Coller turned up to-day, looking better but not cured, and sorry to have missed the chance to help out yesterday.

#### MAY 16TH.

A beautiful spring day. No operating. All of the cases admitted during the last rush are apparently doing pretty well. Dr. Greenough and two others off to St. Cloud for lunch, then a walk to Versailles. Beautiful woods, gardens and country. Parks exquisite, with wonderful lilacs in bloom. Home by train.

Dr. Coller back in the hospital for good now, and seems in pretty good shape though rather thin.

Dr. Wilson visited Dr. Carrell's hospital at Compiegne to-day, having an interesting trip with a beautiful motor ride up there and back.

The unit spends much time speculating on the chances of the U. S. getting mixed up in the present war and prays the President will not be forced into it.

#### MAY 19TH.

Yesterday we received, and since noon of that day we have been on the go for fair; 27 patients received, filling all our beds. Two cases came in yesterday afternoon, and the rest came between 10 last night and one this morning. We were up till 3 A. M. doing dressings. Then 16 operations to-day and dressings on the old cases this evening. Really hard work! The cases all came from around Notre Dame de Lorette and were wounded for the most part the day before yesterday; not so badly infected as formerly, but bad wounds and, because of the cold spell, worse off than usual. One case died within thirty minutes after reaching the ward, and autopsy to-day showed a perforating peritonitis with intra-abdominal haemor-

rhage from a bullet penetrating through the inguinal ring from the left thigh. As this patient, by a slip up, got seven instead of two grains of caffeine the autopsy findings were somewhat relieving, for some of his terminal symptoms might have been those of caffeine poisoning.

The operating room work went well and smoothly; two compound fractures of femora, an elbow shot out, and multiple shell wounds gave us several really bad cases. If we have as good results as we had following our last big day we shall be very fortunate. And now we must get out some more cases for another session.

The weather is much cooler and lately clouded. War about the same. No special news from home.

MAY 20TH.

One operation, an appendectomy on a case sent in from the aviation school. Findings at operation not very conclusive as to any process in the now famous "organ of Fitz."

The cases operated yesterday are all in pretty fair shape, and we managed for the most part to give them a good night. Dressings on these cases to-day were very carefully done and quite instructive. We find that getting so many cases into plaster and permanent apparatus at once is a great convenience and help with the dressings, as well as most comforting to the patients. Things really go pretty well, and now that the crush is over we can say that everyone worked very hard and well yesterday. The Unit is in better health than usual and the work seems to do us good.

Weather still cool and cloudy. No special news from home.

To-day there was the conferring of a "Médaille Militaire" on one of our men, a sergeant who had been conspicuously brave on more than three or four occasions, receiving four wounds on the last chance, and a soldier on Dr. Blake's service who had a leg amputated at a poste de secours without an anaesthetic. Our soldier is to be created a captain in addition. The occasion was quite interesting. It took place in one of the large lower wards, and we all stood on chairs. An officer made a speech,

then read the Order of the Day which enumerated the actions of these men, touched them on each shoulder with his sword, conferred the medal and kissed them on each cheek. We all clapped, and actions of real heroism passed into oblivion and the past.

There is much about the hospital one should discuss. Among other things, the scrub women hold a position not to be envied. They are the wildest lot of crooked-backed, bleary-eyed, blighted, screw-faced, unintelligent examples of our genus imaginable. And their technique is indescribable. In the corridors they slap great pails of the dirtiest water on the floors and then push it around and back and forth; all day we paddle through pools and dodge the "impedimenta" of pails and mops. In the wards they scatter several drops of water and then use brooms. As a result there is always dust in the air, and due to a frequent repetition of this action the wards are often impossible for anything save bad language. Yet we have to remember it is all done to give dependent women something to do for a living.

The stretcher-bearers are as a whole pretty efficient. The head of the operating-room set, Valère, is really very good; active, eager to help (at times, perhaps, too much so), and a fair organiser. Now that he has taken a part of Mrs. Munro's job he is a more or less important personage, at least in his own eyes. The mélange of type is extreme, but many of them are really gentlemen and not used to hard physical work, so that their real accomplishments are all the more admirable.

The ambulance drivers I have written of before, but must repeat that as a lot I think they are the only really undesirable part of the ménage—unruly, drinking and talking too much, very careless, if not reckless, drivers for the most part, and with no discipline. It is a shame they have no real leader, for it would not take much to straighten them out as at heart they are not so bad, and yet as things are now they are the one thing here that might create a bad impression of Americans.

The dining-room, too, I have spoken of,—its vastness, clamour, incessant babble and tumult, and yet the relative efficiency and economy. The food is fair, after all is said, though

we miss not having any sweets and find that this is what we most crave in our meals outside because of its very dearth here.

As to the cases, there is no time now to write impressions, but the great and incessant value of Dr. Osgood and all kinds of apparatus is daily more evident. For compound fractures constitute so great a share of the injuries, let alone the contractures and deformities due to other causes!

Always the question of judgment, of how much operating to do, comes up, but one cannot answer that now in facts. With me, a little more conservatism would seem desirable, but certainly, at the present stage in their progress, the cases in which we have recently interfered so thoroughly seem to do very well. For their ultimate condition and the true answer to this question we must search our records later on.

One speaks of "Hell on Earth"! What indeed could be worse as an example of the horrors of this war than the case of a soldier in one of Wilson's wards? A boy, small, delicate, refined-looking and not yet seventeen, badly wounded in both legs, who has lost in the war father, mother and four brothers. That is war! Relentless, pitiless, gruesome, overstepper of all the bounds of civilisation, humanity and charity. And all for what? Racial feeling, patriotism, national danger! Can any gain be worth the price?

#### MAY 22ND.

Things are a bit quieter, the work is now well up to date and our cases are all doing pretty well. A really puzzling medical case has recently turned up. One of our old, quiescent dental cases two days ago sprang a temperature of 102°; the next day it was 102<sup>4</sup>°, and the chest, arms and legs were covered with curious red papules and macules. There were no other symptoms; throat o. k., W. B. C. 9,000, negative Widal and blood cultures, spleen not palpable. To-day temperature 104°. Apparently not an exanthemata. Is it typhus or erythema multiforme? No one seems to know, and the patient as far as we can find out never had syphilis.

Moving-picture shows have lately interested several of the unit, and the reception the audience gave an Italian film was really stirring. We are all eager each day to read developments along the line of Italy's policy. By what excuse can she join in the war, and how much will she help? News from home little and unchanged.

Weather here delightful, all part of a perfect spring. The members of the unit feel its effect and there is a decided underlying spirit of unrest.

To-morrow is Sunday, and it looks as if Dr. Osgood and his plaster casts might hold sway. It is our receiving day to-day, but so far a dental case wounded in September (whose lack of ability to chew has given him a chronic "sick stomach") is our only admission. We have, however, the night before us.

#### MAY 24TH.

We received up to yesterday morning and nine cases were admitted, none very seriously wounded. Two went to the operating room. A few plaster casts were done besides, but everything was through by 3 p. m. Dr. Greenough and several of the unit went to St. Germain for tea, a walk and dinner near by. Others went to hear "Carmen" at the Opéra Comique which was extremely well done, excellent orchestra and fairly good cast. The house was full, though not packed. An appreciative and eager audience made it all very enjoyable.

Weather beautiful now and the unit all in excellent health.

#### MAY 25TH.

A plaster cast and a transfusion in ward 231 on the case with a fractured femur and gas bacillus infection constituted the day's work outside the dressings. The latter, since the advent of so many bad compound fractures, have become the most interesting, valuable and instructive part of the work. It daily becomes more evident how great an aid apparatus is in these cases and the ones already in plaster, all with large windows, are far easier to handle, far more comfortable to the patient, and improve more rapidly. Of all the work we have seen, the compound, bad septic fractures have been the most

serious and the ones about which we are learning the most. It is a question at operation how many of the broken fragments to remove and how thoroughly to drain; then comes the all important question of apparatus, and then the repair or bone grafting as a secondary operation.

The service is well up with its work, and the men, with so many difficult dressings, find that by starting in between 7:15 and 7:30 they manage to make good progress before the worry and delay of the visit and operating room work commences. To the house men, for their very careful work and attention to these laborious dressings, the greatest credit is due.

Spring continues to deluge us with perfect days and unrest!

Dr. Mixter visited us for a bit to-day to say good-bye as he is off for home in a few days. He, too, has had a most interesting stay at Juilly and feels the effort well recompensed indeed.

#### MAY 26TH.

Hot weather, really hot, and a good many of us like it. Our day to receive, but nothing in sight as yet. Again to-night Newbauer of Dr. Blake's service is borrowing our transfusion tubes and Dr. Wilson is to help him. The transfusion tubes have been indeed one of our most admired bits of apparatus and technique.

Italy is now really in the fray, and if she can make an impression should, without doubt, hasten things on a bit. The great and interesting thing is how little people make of such a stupendous move.

Our wounded seem to be doing very well, though how to manage some of our compound fractures of humeri puzzles even the redoubtable Dr. Osgood.

All in good health, happy and enjoying an extraordinarily beautiful spring. And after all that is what we live for!

#### MAY 28TH.

Things a bit slack now as we got only one case on our last admitting day and the other cases are very well in hand. A few plasters, an appendix, some hunts for non-infected bits of

shell and an emergency amputation have constituted our chief excitement in the past few days. The latter case was very interesting. Between 3 and 4 A. M. two mornings ago Barton was called to see a patient with severe haemorrhage from a leg wound. This man had been operated between seven and ten days ago for a compound fracture of his tibia. At operation the anterior tibial artery was cut and tied and apparently the infection which was present had sloughed off the ligature. We gave a subpectoral infusion at once and some morphia, the patient being very restless and almost pulseless. The femoral artery was controlled by finger pressure in groin. He was then transfused as soon as possible, in the ward, improving slowly but steadily. Within an hour he was transferred to the operating room and his leg amputated. Things have gone very well since and patient now seems in fairly good shape. It was an interesting example of a chance for surgery, with quick and good judgment, to save a man's life.

The war is much the same. Italy apparently has made a good beginning. A new menace for the neutrality of the U. S. has arisen in the torpedoing of another American ship, the *Nebraskan*, and we are anxiously awaiting news from home.

#### MAY 30TH—SUNDAY.

Things go along about the same, the same tinkering on old cases and a few more plaster casts and new apparatus.

Yesterday Barton and Benet, through the kindness of a patient from the aviation school, got a chance to fly; they went out to the field and both were taken up over Paris for between twenty and thirty minutes, going approximately the same number of miles. They flew very high, Barton's driver told him 3,000 feet, and went over Paris. The Eiffel Tower looked like a salt cellar, and aeroplanes lower down like flies. It was cold, and the noise of the motor terrific. They took several photos and we are anxiously awaiting the prints. Both were much excited and have put most of the rest of us in a state of jealousy so that we all want to have a try at it. Certainly it was a great experience.

As one looks back over the cases now it is really gratifying to see how well our men have done and much credit is due to Dr. Greenough for really excellent judgment early in the game on rapidly observed cases, especially as to the amount of exploration which should be done, how much bone to remove in compound fractures, when to explore and how radical to be. The house men have not always agreed, but his judgment as a whole has been almost always shown to have been the best. And this has always been the difficult thing to decide.

Lately we have received many letters from home, and the excitement and stir caused by the *Lusitania* affair we certainly did not under-calculate. At home the tension runs pretty high.

JUNE 1ST.

Surprises, misfortunes and the unusual always come in bunches. Last evening at about 8 p. m. a severe haemorrhage started in the wound of one of our cases with a compound fracture of the humerus. With some difficulty, due to his plaster cast, a tourniquet was applied, the patient taken to the operating room and his arm amputated. Dr. Coller operated. It was very disappointing to have to do this, as we had spent a lot of time with this man's apparatus; besides which it was a right arm, and we thought we were getting along very well. But such are the incidents that go to make up life. Patient doing well to-day. An odd case for bone plating, a neurological case, etc., keep the operating room from being over idle. Dressings and apparatus continue to be the "pièces de résistance."

To-night a Dr. Slack from the American Hospital at Pau visited us. Off in a few days to Servia, where he is to work with Dr. Strong, he is here now to collect monkeys and get his passage for Salonica. As he is a graduate from Hopkins' in recent years, some of the unit found many friends in common with him. His experience at Pau as to the types of cases is much the same as ours here.

The weather continues cool. Several of the unit have tried tennis at the Ile de Puteaux and found a most enjoyable spot and real exercise. We have had little enough of that here

except for the saving grace that we are on the third floor and must go up and down stairs for meals.

Germany's reply to the U. S. Note was out to-day and seemed most unsatisfactory. In view of President Wilson's first note it would now seem very difficult for the U. S. to keep clear of things, and we await developments with a somewhat sceptical eye.

I forgot to add that another amputation took place to-day. The case was that of a man with an old fractured femur who has steadily run down hill. Already once transfused but who couldn't seem to pick up. Pretty hard things to watch, I think them, but a relief to all when over. Spinal anæsthesia was used and it worked beautifully.

#### JUNE 2ND.

A bone plate and two plastics. A beautiful day. Coller and Wilson up in aeroplanes. And all of us anxiously awaiting the outcome of the diplomatic difficulties between Germany and the U. S.

#### JUNE 4TH.

Still slack. We received two days ago and got only two more old jaw cases.

Most of our time is taken up with discussions on the chances of the U. S. becoming involved in the mélange. And things begin to look very black. Why, after all, should we go to war? Isn't it purely for an ideal? Because possibly our pride is touched and because other nations may laugh at us for not backing up the President's message? Is that sufficient cause for war? And what after all are the advantages of war? What happened to Rome after its struggles and to France after Napoleon?

From what one sees here of the end results, war is to be avoided at all cost. As one of the captains in our officers' ward told me last night, "Take your statesmen to see only 5 miles of the front and they will never go to war; there are enough in it now, you had best keep out." This was from one of the

older men already wounded three time and wearing the "médaille militaire" and the medal of the "légion d'honneur". The other officers were rather anxious to have the U. S. come in, and all speak of our fleet.

The officers also told me many stories of German atrocities: of babies torn in twain and of finding French children nailed to the floor with German bayonets in them. Horrible stuff, but, by Jove, it sounded true. And how these men, who are really well educated, hate the Germans! As one of the more excitable said, "There must be no peace till all the Germans are killed!"

#### JUNE 7TH.

Still no new cases, so the unit disperses almost daily for trips about the country and city.

Two days ago Dr. Greenough and four of the unit went to Poissy, where they managed to have a swim in the Seine at a most beautiful spot, a delightful meal and a real outing. Bathing in the Seine amidst its beautiful islands and the banks lined by tall poplars and bordering on grain fields littered with poppies is pretty near the "Elysian fields" of days gone by.

Yesterday five of us motored to Rouen. We were most happy as to weather, motor, company and the things to be seen. It was a pretty nearly perfect day, warm, but with a few clouds now and then to break the glare. Beautiful country. We went out through St. Germain to Pontoise, then down along the Seine valley to Rouen. Setting off at 7 A. M. we stopped at Mantes to breakfast in the garden of a very neat hotel. The country was charming,—crops in beautiful abundance and well along. We travelled down the great tree bordered "routes nationales" most of the way, but now and then cut across open roads to go straight through the fields of grain which were just bedecked every foot with poppies, or to run across a bit of forest for change of scene. It was all very beautiful, and the flowers in the fields, particularly the red poppies and blue cornflowers, called forth many a spontaneous burst of amazement. Whole fields were just red or blue, and everything

blended into the exquisite harmony of which nature alone is capable. Time passed all too swiftly and we slid into Rouen by the lower road after catching only one or two glimpses of it from the distance. We went straight by the cathedral, into which we popped for a good look. Then an excellent lunch at the Hotel des Postes. The place was filled with English officers who were all in khaki, quiet, reserved, neat, good-looking and fascinating. The streets themselves were full of men in khaki—English, Canadian, Scotch and Indian. The latter greatly fascinated us with their yellow turbans and sharp faces. We tried for the Provost Marshal, but missed him at his rooms and office, possibly because it was Sunday. However, we went out to the British camp to look about as much as was allowed without any special permission.

On the way out we passed a car in which was Miss Homans, and we all stopped for a spell. It was a most delightful surprise. The camp was about a mile outside the town and perfectly fascinating to us. Rows and rows of tents and temporary shacks. A base hospital in tents and shacks. All very neat, orderly and active-looking. How we drank it in!

We went all around the camp, and on the way back picked up two boys bound for the town; they were 2nd lieutenants and thankful for the lift in. Clean, open-faced boys, gentlemen, and so young-looking! Just from Havre after six months' training in England, and off to the front perhaps the next day. One said he rather liked the warm weather (it was very hot at mid-day) as he preferred fighting with his coat off! We saw a good number of fine-looking horses, some draught and some cavalry. The men told us there were 29 camps, but couldn't or wouldn't tell us how many men there were.

We finally dropped the boys in town and went to the church at St. Ouen, a bit depressed as a whole, for it was a great and stirring spectacle; and coming from the perspective of a busy operating room and full wards the unconscious mental forecast was saddening. Can anything be worth the price? All these too to be led to the slaughter.

St. Ouen was packed, a fête-day and full communion service processional were in full swing. Two organs relieved each

other, well played, so that the fine old edifice shook and trembled with the lower notes; and the chanting was well done. Then the lanes of beautiful children in white or black, with great veils to the floor, the candles, the incense, the coloured panoplies, the augustness, feeling, spiritualness, all brought us into a scene one cannot hope to picture or perhaps ever see again.

This, after the glare, the dust, the crowded camps, the sad prospective and the fine men we had seen, gave us a really great moment. One has to admire these people, and one has to believe in the great power for help and goodness that resides in religion. We were quite moved, and left a bit chastened and helped.

It was five by then, and we started back, winding up the hillside abruptly by Rouen till we had a wonderful view of the city and river valley; then on through Boos and Magny to Pontoise. This time we were on the higher land, and ran along ridges whence beautiful views could be always had. The sun crept downwards behind us, and the lengthening shadows cast by the ever-present row of trees on each side of us, with the changing colours and deepening shades on the surrounding slopes, brought us much beauty and a very restful trip as the evening crept on. We stopped twice to pick flowers—poppies and cornflowers—and gathering them in fields of grain chest-high with a setting sun and a beautiful panorama before one is no distasteful job.

Time passed too quickly, and about 7:30 we ran into Pontoise and up to its higher levels. Here we had supper in a small café which had unfortunately no garden though it had windows opening out over the valley. A bit burnt and thirsty, but not very hungry, we were soon satisfied.

Just at 9 we pulled away from Pontoise. The sun was down, though the sky was still light. But it was cooler and we just drank in the strengthening smells that always rise from the fields in the evening. It got darker, was very quiet and comfortable, and at 5 minutes of ten we reached the gates of Paris.

It had been a great trip, really exceptional, and if happy memories add something to life we all have much to be thankful for. One doesn't experience days like that often.

Our "laissez passer", which we got through the kindness of Mr. Geo. Washington Lopp, proved invaluable. We were often stopped on our way home, frequently at the point of the bayonet, but it smoothed over all our difficulties. Evidently such passes are hard to obtain, as we did not see more than six or eight motors in the country during the entire day.

We dropped some of the party at 163 bis Avenue Victor Hugo, and then the rest came back here.

Sleep comes easily after motoring, and we took full benefit.

To-day we are again on duty for receiving patients, but as yet nothing in sight.

I forgot to enter that beginning June 4th there was a change in our service. Wilson has had to take over four wards on Dr. Mignon's service. His assistant is off on a vacation, and we are trying to help out. Meanwhile Coller and I have each taken over three of his wards for dressings. It doesn't really inconvenience our service much, only the work isn't very interesting for Wilson, as the service is not very active and up to now the work not quite up to the standard he has been used to. There remains, however, the compensation that he will learn more French and doubtless will be given much work to do himself.

It is too beautiful weather for anyone to remain dissatisfied long.

One more bit to-day: Coller and Wilson have applied for enlistment in the Osler unit of American surgeons to begin work in July. From Boston comes a portion of the unit headed by Drs. Nichols, Porter, Balch and many other of our best and most promising surgeons. These men enlist for three months in the British army and receive rank and pay the same as the British Army Medical staff. They may be sent anywhere. It is sure to be interesting and will bring the boys into new places and experiences. It seems perhaps questionable if the surgical experience is worth six months at this kind of

work, but if the opportunity is given to visit new places, etc., it is of course the thing to do.

To-day Dr. Greenough had a long letter from Dr. Strong. He is having great success and has already made much progress. It seems to be a question of sanitation almost entirely, and his systematic mind has already set all the wheels in motion. Such are the actions from which great good accrues. He writes that at the beginning of the war there were some 361 Servian doctors. Of these 120 have died, mostly of typhus. Now, in addition, are 100 French, 50 British and 25 American doctors, with 75 more Americans on their way. There is much to be done, but doubtless it will be done.

JUNE 10TH.

No more admissions, no operations, so that tennis, drives about Paris, letters from home and Mr. Bryan's resignation as Secretary of State constitute the gist of the past few days.

The wards are well cleaned up, the patients all in good condition and many in comfortable apparatus, and the records are up to date.

It has been very hot, and several showers have failed to remove the sultry feeling. Much thunder has been a poor imitation of cannonading.

Two of us spent some time going through the Ecole de Médecine to-day and found it most interesting. Fine buildings, well kept up, but what laboratories we got glimpses of were none too elaborate. A beautiful courtyard and fountain gave a delightful touch to a gray old edifice and a glance through the Musée Dupuytren was most stimulating. This, situated in the refectory of an old 15th century convent, its interior surpassed its fine old covering. The specimens were well kept, numerous, well spaced and most interesting, especially the bone lesions; wonderful tubercular spines and bone diseases of all sorts in great profusion.

Does Bryan's resignation mean a greater chance of war for us? How we pray it doesn't!

I forgot to add that last evening Mrs. Hill gave a most delightful supper for the entire unit on the roof of the "Crillon"

on to which her rooms open. Though overcast and with the sunset hidden, it was warm and we found it very delightful to dine out of doors. Everyone enjoyed it extremely and wondered a bit at the few strong lights shining from exceptional houses. Of course one always thinks of spies in such times.

#### JUNE 11TH.

Our receiving day, and again no patients. No special news from home. War news quiet.

#### JUNE 13TH.

What curious fluctuations life holds! For two and a half to three weeks we practically stagnated. Yesterday Dr. Greenough went to Amiens with Barton and Rogers. This morning at four the service receiving began to overflow, and the blessés poured in filling all the services up to ours and giving us sixteen new patients. We were quite short-handed, as Benet had gone off for the day too. Fortunately Putnam and Hueston, two fourth-year men from the Harvard Medical School, had just turned up to help on Dr. Blake's service. They had to-day free, and we corralled them for ethers. They were glad of the opportunity to see the work and we certainly appreciated the added hands.

Fortunately it was an 8:30 A. M. X-Ray day, and we got much help from fluoroscope data. Dr. Vincent did most of the operating, with the residents to help out. Dr. Osgood again presided over the apparatus to go on, and by keeping all instruments on a sterile table with a clean nurse to hand things to us things went very well and quietly. The cases were fresh, three days to twenty-four hours, and again from the district about Arras with the exception of two old cases, one an empyema and the other a dental case. Some had bad infections, one with a good bit of black gangrenous tissue. There were not, however, so many bad bone cases as usual. Ten operations in all. We did well in getting a goodly number of the foreign bodies and, all in all, things went very well. Dr. Wilson was so kind as to ascend from his French service and lend a hand so that we got through by 3:30 P. M.

Curious how the lot dropped in, and Dr. Greenough of course will be sorry he missed the work, but he and the others with him should have a great time at Amiens.

No special news from home. Bryan's resignation seems to have delighted all here as well as at home. The second Note to Germany appears very fair and as desirable as one could hope for. But may it not bring war?

Yesterday the old men, Drs. Osgood and Cutler, defeated in three straight sets Drs. Vincent and Coller, who were the coming young tennis champions. Such are the vagaries of life!

The weather continues beautiful, and the flowers on all sides are gorgeous. To-day we all stayed in hard at work with our shirts rolled up, but it was only 24 hours ago that one man held down the entire service without moving a hand.

The service draws on apace and nears its close. Sixteen days more and we dash for Bordeaux and the uncertainty of a French ship and German submarines. On even smaller things do our destinies depend.

#### JUNE 14TH.

A very busy day here with dressings for the morning and then not much in the afternoon. The cases are doing pretty well.

This evening Drs. Greenough, Barton and Rogers have just returned from their trip to Amiens and the front. They had a wonderful experience, getting right to the front and working under fire. They seem a bit reticent to let too much of it out, but have said enough to make us realise something more of the realities of the game. They found the French confident and fresh from a series of local victories. To be under fire they found fully as exciting as one can well imagine it to be.

#### JUNE 15TH.

A few operations to-day, a long visit, ceaseless dressings and much satisfaction in the fact that all of our last series of cases are doing very well.

Beautiful weather, cool, stimulating, sunny and cloudless. Our receiving day, but nothing as yet but a case of tonsilitis which we turned down.

Much discussion as to how to go home. Coller, Wilson, Rogers, Dr. Vincent and Miss Parks do not go back at once anyway. The first two and Miss Parks expect to join the next Harvard unit in England about July 1st. The rest of us debate between the *Rochambeau* from Bordeaux July 3rd, or an American liner from Liverpool the same day. It seems a shame to be so near London and not to go there, even if only for one day.

#### JUNE 16TH.

Life certainly turns on the moment and its fluctuations may be multitudinous. We got in thirteen cases between 12 midnight and 5 this A. M., and it kept us up most of the night as they came in small groups. Some had pretty severe wounds and they were rather fresh cases wounded within 24 to 50 hours of arrival here. Some from about Arras, a few north of it. About 3 A. M. we looked over a bad compound fractured arm case that had not been dressed since it left the front three days ago. Arm was found much swollen, discoloured, with black blebs and a leaden-gray sickish look to it. There was no pulse to be felt at this wrist, the entire arm was cold and the arm and neighbouring chest wall crepitant to the touch. We amputated at the shoulder, leaving the wound wide open, and to-day patient is doing pretty well. This is the first real case of gas gangrene we have had or seen.

Three more of the cases came to operation, and with full wards and a sleepless night behind us we think bed a necessity for the moment.

Still arise discussions as to how to go home. Opinion gradually is favouring England.

#### JUNE 17TH.

Nothing of particular event. Three lesser operations and many dressings. Still beautiful weather. The gas gangrene

man is pretty weak. The infection had extended in all directions and under a whiff of chloroform to-day he was widely opened in the ward and great pieces of muscle tissue, that resembled nothing so much as lung, were removed. Now he is having constant irrigation of the wound. Prognosis seems fair.

Our work is well up to date and we are trying to keep it so that we may have everything ready to take with us. There has been some difficulty in collecting duplicates of the X-Rays and of the photos of our patients but they are now gradually arriving.

Valère, the photographer, is a sort of wild character, a Welshman who builds carriages but, now that war is on, fits in as a photographer. Tall, lanky, skinny, bushy curly hair, an awkward ungainly walk, and an enormous camera of prehistoric times in the legs of whose tripod he is constantly becoming entangled. Some of his photos, however, are excellent.

#### JUNE 18TH.

No operating. Gas gangrene case much more encouraging; there is no extension of infection, the wound is cleaner, he is subjectively better, and is taking nourishment well.

Unit photographed again this morning in full uniform, the men in khaki and the nurses in white. Mrs. Osgood and Mrs. Sturgis, the stenographers, Paul and Valère added to our splendour!

Weather cool but fine.

#### JUNE 19TH.

The service is now running very smoothly. The cases are doing well including the gas gangrene case. A few new patients arrived this evening who will need cleaning up to-morrow.

No special news from the front, but we never hear much and scarcely ever of a French reverse. No word from home recently.

Dr. Greenough has definitely decided to go on the *Rochambeau* from Bordeaux and Dr. Osgood too, since Dr. Jones is not to be in Liverpool on the days he hoped to visit him. This

rather settles things, and it looks as if all returning at this time would go by the *Rochambeau*. Probably, too, it is the safest way.

#### JUNE 20TH.

We got a few new cases last night and operated them to-day. One man disgorged nine small fragments from his arm and head, another had been hit by a rifle ball which passed through both thighs, penis and grazed his scrotum. The ward cases are doing well, the gas gangrene case still hanging on about the same with four-hourly dressings and constant irrigation. His chances look fair at present.

This afternoon eight of us went to the club at the Ile de Puteau and had a tennis tournament which Dr. Osgood won with great éclat, having completely surpassed in technique and endurance even the youngest members of the unit. Age brings some recompenses after all! It was a beautiful day, and tennis courts surrounded by Lombardy poplars and rose bushes are not found everywhere. Certainly these people do know how to do things.

#### JUNE 21ST.

The longest day in the year and a hard one too! The hospital filled up again last night and we got some bad cases which were operated to-day, one man losing a foot. One is constantly impressed what a poor respecter of persons missiles of war are. Inhuman, relentless, greedy, they serve their master only too well.

The gas bacillus infection case now looks pretty seedy, though his wound seems excellent, quite clean and certainly for two days no evidence of a spreading infection. But a temperature of 106.2° and delirium takes more than any optimism to see much hope. We have tried hard indeed and can do no more.

The weather continues fine, the unit cheerful and in excellent health. Already the pressure of departure spreads its wings and our stenographers are off under forced draught. The X-Rays are all to be assembled, the photos too, notes and histories must

be up to date and things in order. We have a busy week before us.

No special war news, though it is rumoured the French are concentrating over half a million men about Arras, and we wonder if the objective of the coming advance is not to take place somewhere in that district. Always we wonder where all the English are, particularly as we are told the English troops have all left Rouen.

JUNE 23RD.

Easy work since last note as far as new work goes, but at last our time draws to a close and the inevitable dash of getting histories and records ready for transportation with us has set in. Some of us have done much perusing of our collected cases and we have tried to correct the mistakes that are more flagrant. It seems that we have been calling shell wounds "shrapnel", whereas that applies only to shrapnel balls. All the little things begin to mount up now.

The gas case finally died, and autopsy showed bubbles in the cerebral veins, in his iliac vessels and elsewhere. The lung was a bit involved too. It was hard to lose him, but I think we did everything possible to pull him through. However, in the light of this case we might save another one by doing something more radical the first time. One learns something each day, though scarcely with so much to impress it on one's memory as a death.

The rest of the cases are doing well, though several are in pretty critical shape.

Lately several fractured legs have gone into open tubing splints, and they seem to work very well. Of course plaster has its place and doubtless is better in the majority of these cases, but from the success of our few cases in open splinting I think we must confess that our rather self-satisfied superiority over the methods of fixation and support by similar open apparatus on the other services is quite unwarranted.

Seven days more! We really don't want any more new cases as it would be hard both for us and for the new service about to change in.

Monday night we are giving dinner for Dr. Greenough at which we intend to present a silver cigarette box from the house men and nurses. "Dum vivimus vivamus"!

The weather has been a bit uncertain lately, but the rain has left intervals of wonderful cloud effects and glorious sunsets, and those less urban-minded have seen much of late to give them joy. One can't work all the time after all!

In the three months we have come to feel very much at home, and though slopping down wet corridors, jabbering broken French at a blank-faced auxiliary nurse, having one's name jotted down in a book when returning after 9 A. M., or a supper of eggs and rhubarb, is not exactly home, one soon becomes accustomed, and we shall miss many of the brighter phases of our stay.

And there certainly have been many bright spots! Particularly the great kindness of most of the people already here on our arrival, the officials, nurses and orderlies. Everyone has been most helpful. Then the men themselves have shown themselves to be a fine lot as a whole, cheerful, kind to each other, brave, though naturally there always are exceptions. The ward work has been well run and the operating room a real pleasure always.

#### JUNE 24TH.

We received patients yesterday, filling up our few empty beds but taking nothing very heavy in the way of operative cases so as to avoid leaving a lot of tedious dressings for the next unit.

Mail from home very generous and several members of the unit seem quite cheerful.

Dr. Benet has decided not to go home with us but will stay on in the Depew hospital at Annell for some three months. As he has seen very little of the wards here it will be quite new to him and doubtless quite a valuable experience. Most of the unit feel, however, that three months is about enough and there is a certain unrestrained eagerness and joy at our departure evidenced in the countenances of several members of the unit.

Weather fickle but quite delightful. War news meagre.

JUNE 26TH.

An appendix developing in one of our old cases wounded in the neck, some plasters and plastics, but nothing else of special interest during the past two days.

Dr. Greenough has been very busy getting our accommodations ready for leaving, and now there is little left to do but turn over the service and pack.

To-day five of the unit, under the wing of Miss Du Bouchet, visited Val de Grâce. We had a wonderfully interesting time, in many ways the most unusual thing and more intimately connected with the war than anything else we have seen in Paris. The buildings of this hospital were started by Anne of Austria, wife of Louis XIII. They were slowly added to, especially by Napoleon. In times of peace part civil and part military hospital; it also had a military medical school connected with it. Since the onset of the war purely military, it has increased its capacity tremendously until now there are about 1800 beds. Its work is rather varied. It is a sort of prison hospital, first, in that wounded Germans go there, and again, in that wounded French soldiers who have misbehaved are sent there. Such latter are patients who are given leave to go out for 24 hours and stay out three days. Then too it is a great sorting and sifting hospital. Patients, for example, on the first service are especially those of neurological interest. In fact all kinds enter, are studied three to four days, the type of case defined, and then the patient is sent off to some of the many great convalescent base hospitals. In this way great numbers of patients pass through a service of a very limited number of beds.

It has other services of a fixed type, as, for instance, a pavilion for head and face injuries, a pavilion for typhoid, etc.

So as a whole it is an enormous, rambling and most complicated place. We were shown about very thoroughly by a woman doctor and missed very little, not even the dental cases or seeing a German.

Most of the hospital is very old and we wandered through great dark wards with barred windows closed tight, full of the pungent odour of the dirty human body. Mattresses on the

floor and everywhere dirty linen, almost no nurses, bandages here and there, and much noise and confusion. Then we saw the cases kept in the old barred cells, the hysterical, katatonic, hébétudes, scared into deafness and dumbness by great explosions but apparently recovering with time. All are evacuated as rapidly as possible.

Of course we must not be critical and must remember that under such circumstances the work is done under great pressure and the greatest difficulty, and as such remarkably well done, though actually it may have appeared pretty crude. War is indeed hell, and to be a common soldier in Val de Grâce is one of its inevitable accompaniments.

JUNE 27TH.

Another day nearer Bordeaux! Two operations, one a mid-thigh amputation on an old compound fracture of the lower leg now one month and more here. A case that refused for two weeks to improve and then became worse through the pocketing of infection. The apparatus was changed three times in an effort to make him more comfortable and to get at his wounds better, and there were three secondary operations for drainage of infected areas, the last to empty pus from a septic knee. Finally the ankle joint became infected and the patient's condition being so critical and considering the devitalised and infected state of the leg from above the knee down, Dr. Greenough felt it best to amputate. The problem was a difficult one and Drs. Osgood, Blake and Vincent all had rather conflicting views, as some hoped by draining the ankle to save the leg, even if it resulted in a stiff limb. However, in view of the finding after amputation of so much ankle-joint infection, such rotten tissue in the leg and undrained pus in the knee, Dr. Greenough's judgment was again proved quite correct.

To-day two of the Philadelphia unit, Drs. Hutchinson and Keating, turned up and took a look about the service, the wards, the system, etc. A beautiful afternoon, however, soon took them off with Dr. Greenough to the "Île de Puteaux". Plaster

casts held equally delightful attractions for some of us who remained behind (?).

The records are well along and now our only bug-bear is the great number of discharges we must prepare for the emptying of beds for the other service.

From now on, of course, ward work, etc., is sure to be hampered by the transferring of the service, by frequent rounds, incessant taking down and putting up of dressings, demonstration of cases and the thousand and one little things that make a house officer's and resident's life miserable but still are the necessary requisite of "la politesse". Such indeed is life.

Here it is good to record the really good system of rounds we have had and the generosity and thoughtfulness of the visiting staff. Rounds have alternated on the two sides daily, half the service being visited each day beginning about a quarter past nine. Often, of course, there have been full round visits to pick up all the loose threads. But the visits have been run off pretty quickly without missing anything, and have invariably taught us much and shown up the mistakes we had made or were making. From the point of view of the men in immediate touch with the cases, rounds could not have been more satisfactory and the patients were never neglected or unduly hurried over.

Criticism of the service as a whole is rather difficult to make, for I believe the work has been really well done. Cases have been treated at once and thoroughly, no effort has been spared to get them into comfortable apparatus or to ensure a good knowledge of their condition.

I think we have been a bit radical in our preliminary cleaning up in most cases, but on the other hand truly conservative where any real question of importance has been at stake, as, for instance, an amputation or questionable serious exploration.

The work in general has been well and thoroughly done, and I think our results should satisfy our conscience and our pride.

It is our receiving day to-day, but only a few jaw cases so far, and I can't say we are very anxious for anything else.

## JUNE 28TH.

A few small operations and another day of demonstration of cases to the few members of the Philadelphia unit already here. In addition much record making. Cases doing pretty well.

Tonight we have just returned from a dinner that the rest of the Staff gave to Dr. Greenough. It was really very nice and everyone had a good time. As Dr. Vincent was in charge of the menu we were luxuriantly fed. Coller presented to Dr. Greenough the small present we had obtained for him, in which the nurses also had a hand, and he seemed greatly pleased. He spoke to us at some length, after thanking us for the gift and particularly emphasized that what he thought made our service more successful than others was that we had enough and efficient men to do our ward work well and up to scratch. Many compliments were, of course, thrown, but on the whole it was a most enjoyable occasion.

Having heard from everyone present and having especially enjoyed Dr. Vincent's singing, we closed by "La Marseillaise" and the "Star-Spangled Banner," and betook ourselves to taxicabs. With the aid of these, a brilliant moon and some singing we wended our way homewards, and those bound for the Hospital reached their destination after a few deviations from the straight and narrow path of French sidewalks. We turn in now with hopes of a good night's sleep, but some members of the unit continue unnecessarily garrulous.

## JUNE 30TH.

Up to our ears in the rush of leaving. During the past two day we have been getting passports, some new, and the old ones viséed, thinking of packing and beginning, etc., etc., etc. But chiefly long visits with the members of the new unit. Tomorrow comes the final turn over. A dash off now and then to buy a present, continuous rounds of dinners and parties for several members of the unit, more excitement than accomplishment. All enlightened now and then by the real expressions of regret by some of our newly made friends at our departure,

especially the honest feelings of the men, expressed in some instances by quite touching gifts to the House men from different wards.

Such is life with its wide fluctuations and continuous change. Comparative quiet and then a real dash, all of which lends a bit of zest to the humdrum drab of our real existence.

#### JULY 2ND—HOTEL DE FRANCE—BORDEAUX.

Away from Paris and started home at last and honestly with a certain sense of satisfaction in what we have accomplished mixed with scarcely concealed pleasure at being off once more for America. Three months is pretty close to time enough, and not too much, to spend on such a mission.

What hectic days the last ones were, especially yesterday! After long rounds and the final transfer of visits there was an infinite amount of work to be done in straightening out the new men, in showing them dressings, histories, how to admit and discharge patients, arranging the rooms, etc. Then came the great crisis of our records; our stenographers were pretty close to the end of their tether by this time and yet we had to keep after them and I camped with them most of the afternoon to help settle the hundred and one little questions which invariably turn up at such last moments; discharge notes lacking, no filing card, X-rays lost, etc., etc. It was a pretty war-like day.

However, before early afternoon I managed to get a peek at the Japanese Hospital. Just a dash in, through and out, but enough to impress me greatly with their neatness, thoroughness, ability and last but not least, their very evident satisfaction in their accomplishment. They had brought everything with them, all supplies, X-ray apparatus, Operating room furnishings, drugs, etc., and everything was up to date and very neat.

By late afternoon our clothing was mostly packed, the day before we had packed the instruments, and at 6 yesterday the stenographers quit and said all was finished. Most of us supped at the Ambulance. After supper I packed the records, bathed,

dressed and toured my side of the service. It was quite depressing. I shook the hands of all the men, some eighty odd. They seemed very grateful and in some wards a chosen spokesman gave me a little prepared oration. All were very thoughtful, kind, and gave their good wishes for our safe and pleasant trip and wished us no submarines. I thought a young Lieutenant, rather a pet of mine, and an old case of Dr. Cushing's, wanted to give me the "accolade" and it was hard for him to keep the tears back. So I was most impressed.

Stanton finally assembled all our luggage, the bus arrived, and surrounded by about fifty nurses and friends we bid goodbye, boarded the apparat, and got off. We picked up the other members at 163 bis Avenue Victor Hugo and then to the Station where we had about an hour and a half to get aboard in. Fortunately a military ticket obtained through the kindness of Mr. George Washington Lopp put us through at once.

We got fixed in our wagon-lits and chatted on the platform. Then the ladies turned in early and it became time to go. We said goodbye to Vincent, Coller, Wilson and Benet and pulled out of Paris. The train was more comfortable than usual and we benefited by an honestly deserved rest.

We miss those of the unit who are staying or returning by way of England very much, but as Dr. Greenough has already pointed out, it is far simpler travelling with a party of ten. Even numbers and especially ten lend to much simplicity as to arrangements and especially the mathematics of monetary transactions. \$100 which Dr. Greenough obtained from our successors in part payment for the many instruments and apparatus we left them, though meagre in comparison to their real value, helps our return expenses considerably. One needs at such times all one can get! The Connell apparatus which we turned over to Dr. DuBouchet also returned its little quota.

Miss Parks left early in the morning of July 1 for London where she is to join the new Harvard unit for work under English supervision. To go where sent and with an English army rank and pay.

Coller joins the same unit later. He, Dr. Vincent, and Wilson leave for London by a circuitous route, involving many

military passes, visées, etc., which have taken much of their time and patience during the past few days. They hope to see Amiens, Rouen and the Front. They seem a bit heavily laden for such devious paths, but the A. A. uniform, their cheek, and Mr. Washington Lopp's military passes will doubtless put them through. Dr. Vincent and Wilson sail for home on July 10 from Liverpool.

Benet alone stays longer to burnish or tarnish our reputation. He is going to Miss Depew's Hospital at Annel quite near the front for a period of at least one month and probably three. Uncertainty seems rampant with his plans.

So we are split up at last. Mrs. Sturgis returns with us but our other ally, Miss Homans, is staying on at Yvetot.

We shall and do miss the others very much and it will seem strange on the boat without them. But after all life is only made up of such breaks and when one continually changes and steps out into such new fields the breaks come oftener, though they are no less easy for that reason. Still we all wished them much luck in their variegated choices and feel sure we shall reflect much credit through them.

#### JULY 3RD—BORDEAUX.

Benet's birthday, and we wired him early.

Yesterday was a great day indeed.<sup>4</sup> We arrived in Bordeaux about 7 A. M. of a beautiful sunny summer's day, and at once went to the Hotel de France, where we were soon installed in most comfortable rooms. After a wash up, we had a very nice breakfast, with real coffee, which was a comparative luxury to those of us used to the fare at the American Ambulance.

We then decided to go to Arcachon, a nearby seashore resort, for a swim and most of the day. The train left at 10:45, and before then we broke up into different groups. Dr. Greenough, as usual, had to find out about the ship and get more visées of the passports. Some of us bought bathing suits, and I took in the docks, the Cathedral, the streets, bought an old medical book and enjoyed as much as one could in such a short time, select bits of the old town.

At 10:45 we got off, all 10. We had a pretty and comfortable ride down to Arcachon, where we arrived a little after 12. We at once made for the beach, where we found a rather picturesque and kindly old harpy in charge of some bath houses. From her, those of the unit not possessing bathing suits, acquired apparatus of a fantastic and picturesque type, if indeed lacking in covering ability at several points. The tide was low, but the beach excellent, the water quite warm, and we enjoyed the swim tremendously. It was a shame we got so hungry, for after about a half hour in and a rest on the sand in the sun afterwards, we hurried to the hotel and a most satisfying meal, which included "the Scandinavian's" delight, "schrimp". After lunch we lay on the sand for a while and watched the fishermen take in a net or two. Then we boarded a great barge and drove to Lamothe through a flat but picturesque and variable country. The train ride home passed quickly. At the hotel baths refreshed us and an excellent dinner combined with the swimming and past efforts sent us to bed early, satisfied and happy.

JULY 6TH—S. S. "ROCHAMBEAU"—AT SEA, 9 A. M.

Off at last. July 3, the day we were scheduled to sail, we spent in Bordeaux, shopping, having our passports again viséed, and seeing the town. Lunch at the "Chapon fin" was delightful. At 3 we assembled at the hotel and started the luggage for the boat; trunks and all drawn by one diminutive but very sturdy donkey. We followed in taxicabs.

It was a broiling hot day and our tempers and patiences were a bit tried by a long wait on the dock before we were finally passed on board.

At once we were confronted by the intelligence that the ship would not sail till the next day at 8 P. M.

Greatly cast down, we straightened out our possessions in our cabins and waded through an interminably long and poor meal, at which we were much discomfited by finding it impossible to obtain bottled waters.

Everyone was pretty tired, for the last few days had been rather exhausting, and most of the party turned in early after tentative plans were made to revisit Arcachan the next day.

Dr. Osgood, Miss Martin, and two of the latter's friends who came up from Pau, and I, taxied to the Hotel de France. Here Dr. Osgood got out to collect Evian, the rest of us went to another hotel and left Miss Henderson, then back to the Hotel de France, where with his usual magnanimity the great plaster specialist had prepared soda lemonades for all. How good they were!

We loaded the taxi with 12 bottles of Evian, ordered taxis to be at the boat at 7:15 the next morning, and returned to our cabins and a well earned rest.

July 4th, which always signifies all that is free and independent, was bright and sunny when 8 of us took our taxis for the Station. During the train ride to Arcachan the sky clouded over, but it was still warm and a bit sultry. We regretted greatly Dr. and Mrs. Osgood's indisposition to accompany us, but Miss Martin's friend, Miss Barclay, helped fill the gap and Dr. Greenough and Mrs. Sturgis were most competent chaperones.

We arrived at Arcachan about 9:15. It was cloudy but warm, and the tide was high. We went in at once. The water was much colder, but we had an awfully good time and enjoyed a raft which was anchored out at some distance, but still in shoal water. Having sat about in the sand for some time we redressed and walked about the town. It being Sunday, the place was quite full of people and, if the sun had only stayed with us, would have seemed very gay. We enjoyed a good lunch and were on the point of leaving when Mrs. Sturgis found two puppies in the hotel stable. They were wooly, bright eyed, big of paw, happy, playful and everything that makes puppies so delightful. Also they were "chien bergers" of the "Labri" breed, which Mrs. Sturgis had constantly said she wanted to buy. It ended of course by Dr. Greenough buying one, "Brutus" and Mrs. Sturgis the other, "Poilu".

Gathering in our belongings, the dogs and a bottle of Cod liver oil for the latter, we started on our drive for Lamothe.

It was as pretty as formerly and we had the delightful pups in addition. Everyone wanted to hold them. The train ride home went quick enough, and before 5 we reached the boat, where the pups gave much delight to Dr. and Mrs. Osgood. It was arranged for them to be kept on the upper deck in cages.

Dinner again with 7 courses seemed interminably long, but champagne supplied by Miss Martin and Miss Barclay helped out, and allowed us to drink the President's health.

We pulled out of the dock at 10 p. m. and slid on down river. It was very pretty going down, and the glow over the city was visible for more than an hour. Now and then we slid by groups of sailing vessels and a rare tramp steamer. The rush and noise was over and we ran on into darkness, home-ward bound. It was a very pleasant evening. At 1 a. m., when I turned in, we were still passing channel lights, but the shore was very low and vague.

Yesterday, July 5, was bright, warm and sunny and the sea very quiet. Still, as all ships at sea do, we moved a little and unfortunately enough to make Miss Martin rather uncomfortable. She was brave, however, and stuck to it so that by night-fall it looked as if she had rather conquered the devil which was bothering her.

The day was one of leisure and straightening out of a few personal accounts, records, etc. Some read, most took a nap. It was warm and beautiful. The meals again annoyed us by their length, but we must accustom ourselves to them.

We have found several friends on board and have met many of the passengers. Have a table to ourselves.

The passengers are indeed a motley lot, and of all tribes and colors. Jews, French peasants, Italians and odds and ends. Still, our cabins are quite comfortable and there is deck space enough for all.

JULY 6TH—10 P. M.

Today has been a day of variable tribulation for many of the unit, for by 10 in the morning it began to freshen a bit and those not good sailors felt the movement not to their liking.

Empty chairs were aplenty at luncheon and several members of the unit left table early and hurriedly. The indomitable Dr. Osgood, however, returned for the last few courses and made a brilliant recovery. It was quite spectacular.

This afternoon things are quieter. Miss Martin evidently finds her cabin more comfortable, though several others dined on deck. It was a beautiful sunset and the air is brisk and stimulating.

Some of us worked hard over the records for five or six hours and have now got them in pretty good shape. We can begin at last to assemble data.

The pups continue to prove a source of much pleasure. They are of quite different natures, "Poilu," evidently the senior in development, if not time, has already had his ears cropped and his tail docked. He is keen, bright eyed, eager, quick of temper and aggressive. "Brutus," with his large ears and full tail has a spirit which becomes his docility of appearance. He now, however, with returning confidence in his surroundings, shows more independence and life.

Several of the passengers have proved most interesting and time passes by quickly.

#### JULY 8TH.

Foggy morning, muggy but quite smooth. Yesterday was very perfect for an Atlantic crossing; a very little breeze, almost a flat sea, sunny but not too warm. All the party turned out, even the most timid, and enjoyed a very pleasant day.

The records were mulled over a bit more and for today Dr. Greenough has planned enough work to make things appear quite formidable if they are to be done before we reach New York.

#### JULY 10TH.

Since last entry we have had glorious days and always a smooth sea, so that all the party have felt well and up to scratch. Miss Barclay alone, with a case of tonsilitis, remains in her cabin.

The cool and variable breezes, smooth sea, always changing heavens, the rare rainbow, the beautiful sunsets, all tend toward a really delightful crossing. And the puppies, the various deck games, books, and our daily attacks on the "Records" bring in delightful variations on that most lazy but attractive occupation of holding down a deck chair for ten of the fourteen hours on deck.

So we are most happy and backed by the now approaching hope of soon reaching "Home" are fairly jubilant at times.

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With three months of such an experience behind one it is hard not to constantly cast back over the time and work and find out wherein we benefited and wherein we failed. For it has been a never-to-be-repeated experience in our lives.

Quite beyond its medical and surgical interests, broad as they were, it was an exceptional experience. The thing I find now as the best effort of the unit is the perfection with which it has worked as a unit, its lack of jarring elements, and the smoothness of its accomplishments. For it is no mean and easy task to pick men from different hospitals, trained under quite different systems, and holding what were often radically opposing ideas and then to have them work in a new field, in a new country, where the language even is not their own, and under a very certain strain, without the sign of any differences, any bitterness or any complaint. And to work not only without this difference and bitterness, but on the contrary with a very whole-hearted appreciation of each other's work and an eagerness to help even along methods quite new to them and at times opposing their previous education.

It is this very openness of mind and ability to seize upon and retain and use new methods that has made the unit a real unity and which leaves its members much to be congratulated. There were, of course, moments, especially early in the experi-

ence, when individual members of the unit went through rather strained mental upheavals, but these were soon passed over and always quite unnoticed. Some of course changed more and more rapidly than others, but all gave something and the result was really good.

For the younger men this experience, therefore, has been everything, for it meant passing through a very difficult phase quite rapidly and under the most pleasant conditions. One is left much impressed how very foolish it is to work too long in one place, how absolutely necessary change is if one is to retain breadth of view and generosity of expression. It was the philosopher Heraclitus who wrote some centuries before Christ—*Πάντα ῥεῖ, οὐδὲν μένει* and after all, though the inward manifestations of life change not at all or very little in a few hundred centuries, his axiom holds most true. And again, I write here what I wrote in the first few pages of the Journal that “for those who attempt such expeditions, the qualities which go to make men congenial, as well as their ability in medicine, must be considered in each case.”

So we find ourselves almost home with a great experience behind us and one that pushes our feet just one more rung up the ladder. To all those who have made this possible the unit is most inexpressibly grateful.

To Mr. Lindsey for his most generous gift which made our work possible and to President and Fellows of the University for the permission to go as a University unit. To Dr. Cushing we owe much for his direction and guidance early in the work and for the lessons he taught us and the friends he made for us in and about the Hospital.

But to Dr. Greenough we owe most. His has been the real effort and on him the troubles of organization and transportation and direction have all centered. There were never moments when his interest or control slackened and as I have written elsewhere, his qualities of judgment in the daily work and ability in guiding our efforts were of no mean variety. So to him we owe the many little comforts with which we have been surrounded, the pleasure of several trips in and about Paris, and especially for the integrity of the unit. For

so much that is good it is difficult to give sufficient thanks, but we can hope in the course of time to repay in some part his many kindnesses.

JULY 13TH—5 P. M. TRAIN, "MERCHANTS LIMITED", NEW YORK  
TO BOSTON.

At last our effort has reached its ends and it is with no little regret I draw over the curtain.

We docked today between 9 and 10 and the various members of the unit who returned by the good ship *Rochambeau* are now widely scattered, some already home and the rest on their way.

The last few days on shipboard were most pleasant, and our onslaughts on the Records began to show real form so that Dr. Greenough got his report well under way and we thereby achieved a certain satisfaction. For to try and accomplish always leaves its just rewards. And we were not kept busy all the time but had moments to spare for reading, idle conversation, appreciation of sunsets and of the interesting members of our fellow passengers. Dallas McGrew, a Harvard graduate and ex-university crew captain who was returning from Ambulance work in the Vosges mountains was especially interesting to all members of the unit and his quiet ways of telling many interesting episodes from the front, of bayonet attacks, aerial duels, ambulance service and the true life of the French soldier made him a most delightful companion. We had a little music too and some hymn singing in remembrance of the happy evenings on the S. S. *Canopic*.

Today we all breakfasted around 6 A. M. as the ship was crawling away from anchor while a dense fog lifted. Even Miss Barclay turned up, much better though rather seedy.

The fog finally burnt off and we began to pick up buoys and then land. Quite soon we were off quarantine and after a short stop pushed on. Several members of the party got mail and excitement ran high. Then we ran up the River with wonderful New York on our right, its tremendous individuality dominating from its startling sky line and over-busied

waterfront. A city of much romance when viewed thus from afar, it shifts to a crashing, eager, reality once entered into. On the left, Hoboken and the great German liners tied up still by the world-wide exigencies of ruthless and cruel war.

So we swung up river and then, off our docks, turned laboriously aided by a score of puffing and panting tugs and at last were in. Friends lined the pier-head and made us really sure we had returned and that the effort was finished.

We landed and then passed through Customs with much ease. Everyone was quite happy and excited. The puppies joined in the fun.

Gradually we broke apart and carried off our luggage. Farewells were confused but very sincere—for the members of the unit have, after all, become much attached to one another and when the time actually arrived we could not gainsay the very certain regret at parting.

So the unit has ceased to exist and each individual member can now seek new fields. Certain it is that each has profited greatly in the last three months and has much to be thankful for.

Opportunities of this order knock but once and he who obeys lives to exult in his good fortune. It leaves one much firmer under foot in a world often wobbly but recently acutely ataxic.

BONAVVENTURE, P. Q., CANADA—JULY 25, 1915.

## EPILOGUE

Written on the banks of a beautiful Canadian Salmon River in a few leisure hours following our return from Europe, with the hope of impressing on all who may read this journal, and more especially the members of the Unit who, too, have learned the lesson first hand, the real horror of war, its cruelty, relentlessness and futility, and its absolute disregard of all the limits of humanity, charity and Christianity.

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The great European war, the most recent, magnificent and powerful of all modern inventions, for one cannot speak of the present upheaval as an inheritance from the world's past, has been the great lesson and problem which we have been studying, and which in its hundred-sidedness and immensity has always been before us in the past four months. To be sure it has been chiefly with one of its results, the destruction wreaked upon mankind with which we have had to deal, but in thus closely associating ourselves with one of its many phases we have run into the closest view of the Demon War itself and cannot have escaped without having been impressed with many of its aspects. So it is with something akin to a sense of duty that I write this afterword, first, lest some of us who saw the Beast forget the lesson, and second, to try and give to others as vivid an impression of the truth of the situation evolved by War as I may, lest they, little realizing all its possibilities, embark lightheartedly, hopefully and without due deliberation on a course whose very beginning is a snare and a delusion and whose results yield things immeasurably worse than the most vivid imagination can picture—destruction beyond possible repair, carnage, hates, bestiality, terror, despair beyond description and horrors beyond belief.

I find myself three weeks distant from actual contact with the war even more depressed and saddened, and this in so thorough an optimist as myself is a truly rare occurrence. But from the widened perspective, with more time to think things

over, and beset by friends to tell my experiences, I find the real horror of the game steadily increases. And then I find my friends at home with such a curious outlook on the war, so local, so unknowing, so almost childish (at least so it seems to me) in the narrowness of their horizon and yet so eager to do the right thing. I feel bound to talk and even write, though with each passing moment I desire less to, and look on much that I have seen and heard as a sort of sacred thing, a thing too big and too awful to be prattled of. What lies buried in the careless, tired entries of the foregoing Journal shows much of the true picture to myself, but loses almost entirely force of expression because of its very daily repetition and the great mass of life, work and detail in which it is buried. And I would point the lesson sharply. As I see the present War, it is an entirely new game, played according to its own rules which are being made each day, and by these rules and laws it must be adjudged and not by any preconceived laws handed down from the generations behind us. It may be that it approaches somewhat the ways of savage, barbarious and uncivilized tribes and nations where too all the available males go to war and in this sense it is not entirely a new creation (as indeed nothing is) but merely atavistic. Indeed, except for its scope and possibilities, it is the type of war waged by such peoples. And just as its justification and course differ from all previous wars, so too its results are different both in what it wreaks on man's body and on his soul, and the lessons and warnings to be learned are new and must be fully realized by all, lest, peradventure, still newer and more horrible catastrophes result.

The arguments put forward commonly as embodying the benefits to be derived from War include patriotism, a sharper nationality, personal bravery, unselfishness, and a great stimulus to religion. All these I accept as facts and, fresh from contact with them, know that these attributes do accrue. Personal bravery, unselfishness and religion are most certain benefits and the new era of religion in France is a truly great thing. The people find tremendous solace in their churches and in their belief and the churches themselves have taken on a new life and reassumed their valuable and great service to the

multitudes. I attended a great fete-day processional and service in St. Ouen in Rouen and have never been more impressed with the great power for good that resides in religion and its wonderful power for aid to the people in such a time of need. The mass of the congregation, mostly women and almost all in black, left that service with something in their faces that expressed a tremendous satisfaction, as if some immeasurable strength lay behind them. It was a goodly thing to look upon, and very impressive. But what of patriotism and a firmer and closer nationality; is it after all so very desirable? There is no doubt about its stimulation through war, for only think of the fervent devotion to a country troops must have when once dispersed to their homes after a long war in its defence. It is indeed incalculable. Of course the advantages of such patriotic spirit are many; unselfish devotion to national issues, a more law-abiding spirit, and love of home, etc., etc. Yet it seems to me there is one other result and an integral part of patriotism, and that is that the patriotic land, the one with a very intact and close nationality, is the very one most easily touched off into another war. Because of this very patriotism it is far more liable to be angered by any foreign interference or slight, and stand in certain position of half-cock. To me this seems a very dangerous thing so that I cannot consider patriotism, as evolved by war, a valuable asset entirely, but look to it, the offspring of war, as really the possible instigator and means of a succeeding struggle. Thus war engenders patriotism and patriotism war, and civilization receives a continual rebuff so that our net advance is almost negligible.

Now what have we against war? Well, we have everything that comes within the scope of its actualities and besides almost all its results. Then, as if this were not enough to convince one, there is the absolute futility of the game itself, the barrenness of material advantages, the waste, not only without gain, but with an actual loss. Even from the coldest philosophical view the loss far outweighs the gain. For the loss is immeasurable, whether measured in the exchange of mankind, money, or in that of God, which includes such things as life, suffering, rape, torn and crippled children, horror, anguish, starvation, sickness and death. Yes, there can be no

expressions too horrible here, for it is quite beyond description. Modern war knows no limitations, for now it is not armies which fight but whole nations, and each must win. Victory is the only defence, so it must be sought at all cost. There must be new rules drawn. But it is still further a new game in that the rapid-fire gun, the submarine, and the heavier-than-air machines have brought in new possibilities for destruction and terror. One sees the absurdity of applying any of our obsolete codes of international law and rules of warfare to the present catastrophe. Here is where the ideas of our friends at home seem most off the track and most puerile. They seem to have failed to grasp the entire situation but look at it as from 50 years back, which, when one considers that in this last half century the world has progressed materially at its greatest pace and changed from this reason its very laws of life and philosophy, is somewhat lacking in breadth of observation and judgment. I find people wild still over the incident of the *Lusitania* and some even demanding the entrance of the U. S. into the maelstrom. It seems, I suppose, cruel and brutal to say so, but I can find no especial enmity against the Germans for this single incident, for, firstly, old rules cannot hold good, and secondly, it is no worse, if indeed as bad as what is occurring daily in the war zones of the great armies. Is it indeed worse than the shelling of populated and defenceless towns, the rape of women, the killing of children, the dropping of bombs on hospitals, the use of poisonous gases to asphyxiate the enemy, the shooting of prisoners in groups of as many as two and three hundred, or indeed than the single cases of terribly lacerated and infected wounds which reach the great base hospitals from the front each day? Early in June I saw an encampment of British troops at Rouen of something over 100,000 men. How many, think you, now tread the ground alone and unsupported, when in these days the daily casualties total many thousands? It is all so much worse than one can imagine that single incidents cannot seem so very large nor a single horror bring any special rancour to my soul.

It is the act of war itself that is bad and once the fact is established I can see no great right or use in criticisms of methods. The great wrong is committed when the act is decided on just

as the wrong in murder is in the act not in the method. Is a murderer less guilty because he uses poison rather than a gun?

And I came home to find even my own people wondering if we had better not get into it. What, I beg of you, could we benefit or anyone else? What gain can be worth the price? As an old officer in one of our wards said, "Keep your people out, there are enough in it now, and if they seem set on it, let them see only 5 kilometers of the Front, that will suffice to keep them out." Yes, it is so much worse than the veriest hell one can imagine, you, who have not heard or seen it at first hand cannot conceive even the fairest possibilities. I, who have heard at first hand of soldiers finding children pinned to the floor with a bayonet in them, who have talked with men who have seen babies torn and quartered and with those who have turned machine guns loose on 200 unarmed prisoners like so much leaden spray to relieve an attacking party of an encumbrance, have some idea of the horror, brutality and terror of the game. It is a lesson one cannot learn from books, for other wars were not of this kind and worked under a different set of rules, so those at home cannot hope to appreciate how bad things are and how cheap life is on the other side.

The futility of it all I feel neither fitted to, nor have I the inclination to discuss; nor indeed, the justifications for and against the various nations now sizzling in the pot. I would only try to impress on those who happen to read this my conceptions of this present war especially, and something of war in general. More particularly the horror, brutality and relentlessness of it. For War to me has become a terrible Demon, overstepper of all the limits of humanity, charity and Christianity, and I shall feel intensely depressed until all danger of my country entering into it has passed. Though I believe myself personally not to be a coward I would accept many a slight and insult in quiet restraint rather than enter into such a maelstrom, for my reason depicts the futility and my sight and hearing have taught me its horror. I admit it is true that there are worse things than war but I believe such things are extremely few, and I would impress on all that not only must one pause, but stop, and think!











